Jefferson Davis [illegible]
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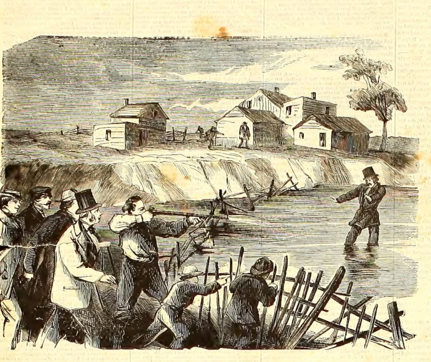
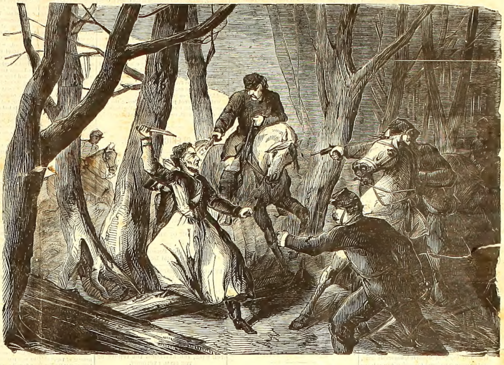
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. NEW YORK: FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 20, 1865. VOL. XX. NO. 1029.—[PRICE TEN CENTS.



Catching a Thief at Harlem by Musketry Practice.



Capture of the Great Rebel, Jeff. Davis, in his Wife's Petticoats.

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LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY

OF A CELEBRATED

BURGLAR AND PICKPOCKET.

THE "SWELL MOB" IN TOTHILL FIELD'S PRISON.

They are Instructed in the Art of Crank Turning.

THE REDUCING EFFECT OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

Joe Defies the Power of the Governor.

HOW HE WAS PUNISHED FOR HIS INDEPENDENCE.

His "Pals" go in Search of a "Mouthpiece."

HIS LIBERATION SPEEDILY PROCURED.

Joe's Delight on Discovering that He is a Father.

My name being first on the list, I was called in and examined by the Governor, Lieutenant Tracy; this took but a few seconds, after which I was taken away and a prison suit (!) of clothes given me. In less than two hours before we had sent Wattie out for our "max" in our lodgings, and now they had Joe, I and Folkstone, sweating away at the "crank!" This "crank" was in shape like a large coffee-grinder, and was fixed securely in the wall, the handle only being in sight in the cell where the prisoner had to work it. So many thousands of feet had to be turned on this machine every day else, forfeit a meal on the whole of a day's provisions. We being old offenders, the guage, whereby a prisoner's labor at this could be lessened, was put on stronger and stronger until we were worn to skeletons, with the hard task we had to perform. As for Wattie, he having nothing to do with the case, he was discharged. About a week after being returned to prison, we were brought before the board of visiting justices, and after being examined by them were sent below to our "cranks," with the understanding that every day that we were formerly sentenced to would have to be undergone.

Such a three months no poor devils ever put in before. Even when through sheer exhaustion we were taken off the crank and made to pick oakum, (three pounds and a half per day) fault was found with our work, and scarce a day went over without a meal being stopped from us as a punishment. In fact, so much had we fallen away that our prison "togs" hung on us much in the way of a dressed broomstick. "Bread and water," "no dinner," "no supper," and such like, could be found every day on the "report slate" marked against us. But, every morning has its evening, and at last the joyful day of deliverance arrived.

"Take a small bundle each of you three," said the "screw," as we entered the oakum room that morning, "and fall back on the last seat."

This was the only order while we were in the prison that we fulfilled without, at least, an inward grumble. Gladly did we "collar" our small bundles, and fell back on to the seat appropriated to the "discharges;" joyfully yet nervously awaiting the moment of our deliverance. Seven o'clock came at last, this was the hour for breakfast, after which those who were to be discharged on that day were called by name and marched to the "receptions," there to receive their own "toggery" in lieu of the hated prison rags. Unlike to our discharge from Wakefield prison, where neither Joe nor I took breakfast upon the morn of our discharge, we eagerly awaited the order to "leave off work and get ready for breakfast," for we were an hungered in the very strictest sense of the word, and could now bolt our "skilly" with a gusto truly surprising. Seven o'clock came, I said, and the order to leave off work was given, as the tubs of "skilly" were being brought into the oakum room.

"That the-ir's th' last bloody bit o' o'kum I evvir meane tu pull t' pieces i' this 'ere establishmint," said Joe to me in a whisper, as he stooped to collect his work and place it in a heap under the seat so as to allow free passage for the prisoners as they went round in file for their "skilly." "An' iv iyvir I cum akross that the-ir sorrel-maiyre-an-gig bloody 'ound, I'll 'ave a rekkonin' wi' 'im, oize mi naiyme iznt Joe."

"Keep up your head, there, and sit erect on your seats; else you'll find you're not so near out as you may imagine," said one of the "screws" who "dorryed" that Joe was stooping on purpose to talk to me, but who was not certain of it.

I touched Joe's foot with my own, as an "office" to keep himself "square" until we were out of their hands, and he became more wary. Our turn now came to go round for our grub and up we started "collaring" a pannikin each, from a large basketfull which was placed within our reach as we went round to where it was served out by pint ladles.

"Hold your pannikin as you ought to do," bellowed out the "screw" who was ladling the "skilly" trying, if possible, to find cause to report and detain us until the Governor came round at half past eleven o'clock; but Joe mastered his wish to reply, and receiving his quantum of gruel and "tommy" walked to his seat, where his attention was wholly occupied in devouring his dose of "skilly and whack" regardless of the attempt to entrap him by the tyrannical official at the tub. We had scarce given the polish to our pannikins by wiping them out with a piece of the inside of our "tommy" when our names were called and out we went along with several others whose terms of imprisonment had expired that morning. After answering to our names we were marched to the "receptions," and in a few minutes we were again inside of our own "toggery" and left together in a room until the usual hour when the Governor or his deputy was ready to discharge us. Nine o'clock struck, and at that moment we heard the key turn in the lock of the outside door, a minute more, (and minutes seemed precious just then) and our door was opened and all called to "come this way." We followed the "screw" who led us to a space between the outer gate of the prison and the inner. In a room within this space the Governor sat, and before a prisoner got discharged he had to enter this room and receive what money, &c., he brought in with him; also to hear any remarks the Governor choose to make on the occasion. As we entered, not singly, as usual with the prisoners, I saw he had braced himself up for "jacketing," but we cared little about what he might say; all we wanted was that he should say it as speedily as possible and let us slide about our own business.

"Answer to your names, each of you, and stand as I place you," said a head "screw," who was placing us in order of A B C, preparatory for the Governor's "jacketing."

"Ah! so you're here again, eh?" he began, as if the many bread-and-water sentences he had passed upon the three of us had failed to make him familiar with our starved countenances. "Ah! so you are three *very* clever young men, sent here as thieves and vagabonds, who thought to have things all your own way, eh? So you did have, didn't you? Well, it's no more than you deserved for your exceeding cleverness. Perhaps you'd like to try it on again, eh. Well, we're about to give you another opportunity, and when you call again, please to put me in mind of who you are, that I may be enabled to attend particularly to your cases in preference to all others."

"I rekkon, guv'nir, az 'ow we'll 'ave tu deeklyn that ere invytation, seein's 'ow thin we've aul gotten on th' last wun, an——"

"Silence, sirrah! not a word from you, else I'll lock you up in a dark cell until twelve o'clock to-night," cried out the tyrant, his choler rising as he proceeded; but there was one standing before him whose courage, even under such circumstances, 'twas not so easy to subdue as probably he imagined; and he, knowing that at all events they could not detain him longer than twelve o'clock at night, determined to have a retaliatory fling at his sarcastic and tyrannical highness.

"Guv'nur, thee an' thau dark cell, separate or boath tugethir, kan goa tu blue blaizis, fur aul I kair about wun or tuthir or boath tugethir; thau needn't think tu skaire this 'kiddy' anny longer, fur I kan stand twelve hours on mi 'ead jist az eezy az nuthin', soa, cum an wi' thau waggin an' dryve tu weeir thau's a mynd tu; I'm reddy.

"Mr. Beckett," cried the exasperated governor, "drag that vagabond away, and lock him up on bread and water, and very little of that either, remember; away with him."

At the moment, Folkstone and I felt like as if we could jump on the "screw" before he could put the order in execution; and had it not been for a look and a word from Joe, perhaps something of the kind would have occurred.

"Never mynd mi, lads, I kan du it lyke a lamplighter; an' I'd du az mutch moare fur annuthir 'jolly' at 'im; be at th' gaite tu night wen I cum cowt; I kan wissil away th' tyme tu then," and away he was dragged to the dark cell.

"So, ho!—you're another of this batch, eh?" said his majesty to me, as if that was again the beginning of it. "You, also, belong to the clever tribe who took in hand to cheat justice of its dues; and you succeeded, too, didn't you? Silence, sirrah," cried he, as he saw me about to answer, and 'twas well I didn't, for I felt like saying something, whatever might be the consequence. "Silence, and pay attention to what I say; and you, sir," addressing Folkstone, who was now pushed forward by the attending 'screw,' and stood by my side—"Have you not succeeded, at least quite as well as your accomplices?"

To these quotations he would answer himself by a nod of his head.

"Well, seeing how finely you have brought your plans to perfection, and seeing how profitable they have been to you, can you not try it on once more? —only once? Very well, we'll see. Now, I am about to turn you out loose on society, and I would have you to inform every one you meet with how you succeeded in cheating the governor of Tothill Fields Prison, Westminster House of Correction, by swapping names, clothes, and sentences with three common street beggars! Tell them all the particulars—hide nothing from them, for your good luck in that undertaking may induce others of the fraternity to engage in it also, so remember; and now that I've continued to advise you, I have only to return the money found upon you when you entered the prison last, and turn you out."

We grabbed our 'Kelter,' and without waiting to count it, Folkstone and I hurried along with the gateman, who opened a small iron door in the gate, and out we jumped, and next moment I was in the arms of my dear Scotch Jessie, who, along with Joe's 'moll' and Wattie, had rode to the prison in time to meet us on our discharge from limbo. Poor Jessie! she and the "moll wire" were mothers now, each having in their arms an offshoot of "dipology" to welcome their "blokes" with; but poor Joe; I would have given a "flooff" if he could have been there at that moment. After embracing all we could embrace just there, we jumped into the carriage and were driven home to our former lodgings. Here Folkstone met his Kirsty, who had been left at home to prepare something nice for us against our coming. But neither Folkstone nor I cared anything about eating just then. We were thinking about Joe; and so, after swallowing a good hot toddy, he and I "rung" our crossed "toggery," and hailing a cab, ordered the driver to set us down near Denzel street, Clare Market. 'Twas not yet half-past eleven, and he whom I was after was not yet gone from the house. Ringing the bell, I inquired if Mr. T. Atkinson was in, and was shown into the waiting-room. "Tell him Mr.—— wishes to see him," said I to the servant, and next minute Atkinson appeared. He and I were well acquainted, *professionally*, on both sides; so in a few minutes I stated to him the fix my "pal" Joe was in, and that I'd no doubt that "sugar" was the *word*, if there was a certainty of Joe's release before three o'clock; also stating the circumstances under which Joe was detained. In a few minutes he had the affair all cut and dried, and then jumping into the cab along with us, ordered cabby to drive to a certain number in such a street; again we got out, and this time we gave a repetition of what we had told Atkinson, and were sworn to it, after which some conversation between Atkinson and the gentleman, a few papers turned over, one given, and out again and into the cab.

"I shall not require your attendance where I am now going," said the lawyer, "besides, I would rather be by myself; you can wait at the nearest public house to the prison and pretty soon I'll be there if the party I'm in search of is at home or I can find him."

With this we got out and left Atkinson to proceed on his somewhat secret errand alone. On we walked and at last entered the "lush drum" immediately opposite the gates of the prison, where, sitting down to a "stiffener" and the papers, we awaited the appearance of Tom Atkinson the lawyer. One o'clock! No cab, no lawyer! Half-past one! two o'clock! Poor Joe, it's no "bottle," I fear, and you'll have to lie there hungry and miserable. If you had a "shant o' booze," even! but no, I fear it's all up. Twenty minutes past two! Thirty! and a sound of a cab rattling at a quick pace over the gravel attracted our ears.

"Ill bet a 'quid' that's him," said Folkstone, as we both ran out to see.

'Twas Atkinson. Jumping quickly out of the cab, with some papers in his hand, which he smilingly held up to us, he knocked at the gate and was admitted. Five-and-twenty minutes to three! twenty! ten! and out walked Atkinson and Joe, the lawyer giving my "pal" his arm, and leading him on down to the "lush drum," where, upon Joe's entering the "drum," Folkstone and I set up a loud hurrah! at the "taking down" of the mighty and majestic Lieutenant Tracy, the tyrannical Governor of Tothill Fields Prison, Westminster, London.

Of course we must have a "wet" over the victory we had gained, and we did, too, the clever lawyer joining us in it, after which we "slung" him his well-earned "sugar," each of the three giving equal parts towards it; and, our road laying in different directions, we soon after bid good-bye to our "bully mouthpiece," and proceeded on our journey home.

"An' thau says mi' little Judy 'az gotten a yung'-un!" asked Joe, as we walked along. "Crackey! well, noow, that there iz sum'at, too. Wat iz it, a he 'kid,' or a she 'un—wich!"

"Well, Joe, as far as that goes, I'm sure I can't inform you, for I didn't take time to inquire into particulars, but we'll soon know now."

"Well, I rekkon soa, chum; but cum on a little faster. I feel lyke az iv I shud 'urry a bit, a purpus tu see th' baiby—an' 'appen there's sum'at uv a mixtur' wi' it—az lyke's not I'd lyke tu see its muthir too—eh, chum? Wat's thau saiy? Thau knows its raiythir aukward tu bea awaiy frum wun-a-nuthir sutch'n a long spell! Tu blaizis wi' th' lyre bloody 'stiribins' an' 'steppers,' an' awlsoa thaiyre infernal new krank mashoons! 'Tween wun-an'-anuthir I'm gotten soa bloody thin mi 'judy' maiyn't want tu 'ave annythin' tu du wi' me—will shee, think'st?"

"Why, of course she will; who else has she to cling to?"

"I doant know who shee 'az tu kling tu—but iv shee klings vairy 'ard or tew klose tu this 'ere 'kiddy,' I'll goa tu blaizez iv shee maiyn't kling me tu peesiz, fur I kan't stan' mutch klingin', nor nout else."

"Never mind, Joe, we're all in the fix. Many a fix we've been in together before, but we always got round again, and so we will in this case."

"Nay, lad; doan't thee maiyke tu shuir about it this tyme. It'll taiyke sum tyme tu git sutch flat-bellied 'blokes' az uz reownd agin; we'll neeid a lot a fillin' up furst. Maiy I bea 'lagged' iv I kan't feel iviry notch i' mi bak bone, ryght thru froo mi frunt—kloaze an' awl!" And with this, Joe, to exemplify what he meant, stuck his right "duke" against his back, while with the left he pressed hard against his abdomen.

"Well, never mind, Joe; we'll get over it once we put ourselves under our 'judies' care, and the sooner the better—so, as you say, let us hurry on home."

We had walked over Westminster Bridge, and had reached the front entrance of Astley's Theatre, when the shower which had been threatening now came down in earnest. To go further just then would have been bad "cocum," seeing that we had been for three months housed from damps and showers, and therefore very likely to suffer from any exposure to either; so we took shelter under the awning of the theatre entrance until such time as we could hail a passing cab or omnibus. Next shop to where we stood was occupied as an eel, etc., pie-house, and at that time of the day was giving off a very savory odor from the pies in process of cooking for the evening and night's customers. This quickly attracted the attention of our olfactory department, and lightning like 'twas communicated to the "grubbing bureau;" where a short consultation being held whether it was best to wait until we got home, or go into the eel pie-house, 'twas resolved, put and carried unanimously in favor of the latter; and with a simultaneous rush we charged upon the "chucking drum," and next minute were in possession of a seat, table, plate, knife and fork, salt, pepper and mustard.

"Lan'lord," shouted Joe, "bring mi about a duzzin o' th' biggist pyes thau's gotten i' thau crib, an' mayke hayste, fur I'll goa to blaizez iv I ain't a'most 'clam'd' (starved)!"

"Which kind do you prefer, sir?" asked the pie "bloke."

"It duzzen't matter a tinker's curse wich kynd, to mi; on'y bring 'em along, and maiy I be hung, iv thaiyre pyes; iv I doan't mannidge 'em. Bring 'em 'ere, au'd lad!"

The pie man, who couldn't help smiling at Joe's eager haste to be served, regardless of kind, soon had a collection of all sorts on the table, and he had already begun to describe them as

"This, sir, is apple pie; this, beef; this, eel; this, kidney; this, rhubarb," when Joe, who had plunged into the first placed on the table, broke out,

"Nivir mynd, au'd flick! Duzzen't matter a dam wat it is! Rhubarb, leek, maguesie, appil, or wat ivir thau's got, tummil 'em in, an' we'll tummil 'em deown, an' paiy thee for 'em like prinsez!"

And we did tumble them down, washing the way clear with plenty of "Guinness' Dublin Stout," brought in by our order. 'Twas enormous the quantity of victuals we then put away, and to those unacquainted with the appetite of a starved discharged person, who for weeks had longed in prison for even one satisfactory meal, 'twould appear rather "long-drawn" to say that we eat nearly two dozen London shop-pies! But however it may *appear*, this I know, that very few crumbs remained after paying for *twenty-four*, and that number is generally considered to represent the *two dozen*, and *vice versa*. After our gorge, the rain continuing to fall, we waited for a passing cab, and in a few minutes one at a sign drew up at the front of the pie-shop, and next minute we were travelling away to our homes and our "judies."

"Saiy, chum, that thaiyr wur summat uv a meel wi put in, warn't it? Its maiyde kwite a diff'rince on mi. I rekkon 'twaiynt be sutch'n a 'ard job az I thowt it wud be fur mi 'judy' to knoa mi agin, aftur awl. I knoa wun thing, I amau't soa thin neow as I wur afore, by a pot or tew!"

"Well, Joe," I replied, "you see that my words have come true, after all; you remember I said, 'Many a fix we've been in before, but we always got round again,' didn't I?"

"I rekkon that did, but then, iv I remembir ryght, thau said 'twou'l 'appen three puttin' uz-sens i' th' kair o' th' 'molls,' an' I doan't b'leev' that thaiyr religin yet, I doant. I rekkon t' boot iz on th' uthir leg. 'Ow reounddus ta think (iv it 'adn't ben fur that pye 'ken' we'd uz 'a bin aftur a weeik or tew's kair (az thau kalls it) wi' uz 'molls,' seein's 'ow we've bin soa long awaiy froo 'em, eh! Nay, lad, thau duzzen't knoa th' naiytur' o' things yet!"

"Very well, Joe, here we are at the old 'drum' again—I hope we'll never have to do another 'rooking' on it like to the last."

"Aye, w'en that 'kiddin' 'ound "cum' it" ower uz wi' 'iz bloody ou'd sorril maiyre an' gig!" interrupted Joe. "That thaiyre wuz a 'ansum' suck-in, warn't it, chum?"

The stoppage of the cab at the door brought all hands to the windows, and, among the rest, Joe's little Judy, with her kid in her arms. This sight seemed to take Joe a-back a little, and for the moment he halted before going in, and wonderingly asked,

"Iz that thaiyre a 'kid,' chum?" and then, with a pleased smile, added, "I'll goa tu blaizez iv I kan 'ardly b'leev' it!"

"Well, Joe, don't stop the way; let's up stairs, and bye-and-bye it will all be explained to us; as for myself, I know nothing about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ABDUCTION IN LE ROY.—An orphan girl some thirteen years of age, residing with her step-mother in LeRoy, N.Y. has been made the victim of the rats of a designing scoundrel named Farnham, late an employee in the family, who is a widower of some thirty years. He has taken great pains to ingratiate himself into the affections of the young girl, by persuading her that she was badly treated by her step-mother, and that he could protect her. She is an heiress, and on her prospective wealth the villian had cast his eye. He induced her to consent to an elopement, and the couple disappeared one day last week. They were pursued and overhauled in Mumford at the house of a brother of Farnham's, and Farnham carried back in irons, to answer to a charge of abduction and seduction. They had passed themselves off as man and wife. The girl, on her arrival home, took the first opportunity of swallowing a dose of poison, from the effects of which she is in a critical condition. Her feelings for her seducer seem to amount to a perfect infatuation. Upon the whole it is a sad case.

AUDACIOUS ROBBERY IN YORKVILLE.

Bounty Jumpers on the Rampage.

DISCOVERY AND PURSUIT.

Exciting Occurrences.

LUDICROUS SCENES IN A WATER LOT.

Effect of Musketry Practice on a Thief.

One of the most audacious transgressions of the criminal law that has come to to our notice for some time, was developed at the Yorkville Police Court during the past week, and supplies to the criminal records one of those cases, the prominent features of which are characterized by a degree of rowdyism, which in this enlightened day has become altogether too frequent an occurrence. Yorkville and Harlem are two of those beautiful, enchanting retreats, where one escapes the busy turmoil of city life, and lives in comparative seclusion. It is not very frequently that the placid stream of every-day life is ruffled by the development of any astounding criminal delinquency; but when such occurrences do transpire, the indignation of the denizens is unbounded, and they spare no pains in visiting upon the depredators that degree of punishment the magnitude of his crime demands—a quality which would greatly adorn the administration of justice in some of the courts of this city.

The case to which we allude is as follows: Residing in One Hundred and Nineteenth street, between the Seventh and Eighth avenues, are two gardeners whose labors are faithfully given to the production of various kinds of vegetables, and "garden sass" generally. The assiduity of these two gardeners, whose names are George Schwartz and Simeon Bauer, was rewarded by the accumulation of honestly acquired wealth.

The little store of money, consisting of silver and greenbacks, belonging to the firm of Schwartz and Bauer, was carefully concealed in old rags and stockings, and placed in a remote corner of a bureau drawer in the house which they occupied. On Thursday morning last as usual the two gardeners repaired to the scene of their labors, and left the house and treasure in the custody of the females, one of whom was the widowed mother of Schwartz. At about four o'clock in the afternoon, during the temporary absence of the female portion of the family, two young gentlemen drove up to the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth street in a light wagon, and jumping out walked boldly up to the house, entered the front door, and bolted it on the inside, and retained undisputed possession.

Shortly after their mysterious entry a young girl named Barbara Bauer came to the house, and discovered the door fastened. She knocked, when the door opened, and the two young gentlemen visitors stood before her, demanding in a provokingly cool manner what she wished. She, however, ventured no reply, but passed them, and entered the house, where much to her astonishment she discovered the beds upturned, the bureau drawers completely overturned, and the house bore evidences of general disorder. Barbara at once conjectured the object of the young men's visit, and immediately hastened, quite alarmed, to notify her parents. She had not proceeded far, when she encountered Schwartz and Bauer, returning from their work. She informed them of the state of affairs at home, which had a tendency to quicken their pace. As they advanced to the house Schwartz saw the two young men coming out, and walk away with as much *nonchalence* as though the premises they had just left were their own.

Bauer entered the house, and to his horror found that the treasury had been overhauled by the rascals, and perhaps every cent of their hard earnings gone. He ran to the door and cried out to his partner, Schwartz, that their house had been "ransacked and robbed." Upon learning this dread intelligence, Schwartz immediately turned and followed the hastily retreating thieves, who occasionally cast a backward glace to satisfy themselves of their condition in the rear. As soon as they saw Schwartz giving them chase, they quickened their walk into a brisk run, and on they went, pursuer and pursued, for a short distance, at a very exciting gait. Finally, however, thinking to operate to advantage upon the timidy of Schwartz, one of the thieves, whose name was subsequently given as William West, turned and presented a pistol at Schwartz and threatened to blow his brains out if he persisted in pursuing the chase further. But this use, although an exceedingly dangerous one, proved unsuccessful, and the fugitives were driven to their carriage in 120th street.

It not unfrequently occurs that the criminal delinquents go unpunished for their depredations, but more often do they fall into the hands of justice, by means which no human power could devise. In many cases, where the pursuer and pursued speed on—one running for life and liberty, and the other to satisfy the demands of law and justice—in many cases the latter to all appearances is defeated, and the fugitive is about to escape, when the hand of Providence seems interposed and the flight of the felon is stopped.

So it was in this case. The thieves jumped into their carriage, and applied the whip to the horse, and would have escaped, but the dumb animal which had brought them to the scene of their robbery refused to convey them away. He baulked and kicked, became contrary, and neither coaxing nor punishment could induce him to stir.

Had not this providential occurrence transpired the thieves would undoubtedly have escaped, but a worse fate was in store for them. Their position became momentarily more and more perilous. The pursuer, Schwartz, now joined by a dozen howling, yelling neighbors, were advancing rapidly upon them, and capture was to all appearances their inevitable fate.

Being driven to extremes the fugitives drew their pistols, and, with threatening looks and flashing eyes, swore to blow out the brains of the first man who approached. Schwartz now called to Mme. Schwartz—his mother—to "pring mine tzwei parrelled shooter," which the old lady soon produced, and which was a formidable looking weapon. This instrument of death was levelled at the thieves, whereupon they leaped from their carriage and sped off howling. As is invariably the case in such matters, the thieves pursued different and opposite courses; but the citizens were determined they should not escape, and consequently the party divided and ran in opposite directions after the fleeing robbers, and then ensued a ludicrous scene—an excellent illustration of which will be found on our first page. West, who had threateningly presented his pistol to Mr. Schwartz, ran at a headlong gait in the direction of the Seventh avenue, along, across it, and away into vacant lots. In this vicinity are numerous vacant lots, termed water-lots, on which is collected quantities of water of various depths. In one of these West plunged, regardless of the injury to his fine apparel, and defiantly stood in the centre of the pond (so to call it) and congratulated himself on the successful and flattering termination of the exciting chase. But, much to his chagrin, up came Schwartz puffing and blowing, still bearing his "tzwei parrelled shooter," and determined on the capture of the audacious robber. Discovering the thief in the centre of the pond, Schwartz stopped abruptly at the margin of the miniature lake and demanded an unconditional surrender. The thief refused to accept his terms, but was willing to come out conditionally. To this, however, Schwartz would not hear, and put into practice the proverb of "diamond cut diamond" by threatening to blow out his brains if he did not come out. West remained stolid and indifferent, refusing to acknowledge the authority of Schwartz. By this time quite a number of excited people had collected around the water lot and were highly interested in the proceedings. Finally Schwartz became exasperated, and told the fugitive, for once and the last time, to come forth or suffer the consequences. Still the persistent thief refused, when flash! bang! went the gun, and startled the bystanders to no very inconsiderable extent; but fortunately no serious damage was done beyond scattering a few buck-shot over the ground at some distance.

Observing that the thief still remained unharmed, Schwartz again raised his gun, and was about to fire when West, fearing he might receive a quantity of buckshot in his person, signified his intention to surrender, and coming forth he delivered himself up. Whereupon Schwartz triumphantly proceeded in the direction of the station-house.

Meanwhile where was the confederate? The party who had given him chase, closely pursued him in the direction of Bloomingdale road, and when in the vicinity of the Asylum lost sight of him. A diligent search was instituted, every nook and corner around the extensive grounds was traversed and overhauled, but no signs of the fugitive were apparent. The party were about giving up the search, when a female lunatic cried out, "Man under the stoop! man under the stoop!" They, however, thought it was but the delusion of a crazed brain, and paying no attention to her outcries were about moving off, at which she called out lustily to them that their man was under the stoop. To satisfy her and themselves, they returned and made a search under the stoop, and there, true to the lunatic's words, was found the second fugitive, who, driven to the corner, was compelled to surrender, and place himself in the custody of his captors. They then turned in the direction of the station-house, and the two thieves were lodged in a cell.

Schwartz and Bauer, upon returning home, discovered their abode in sad disorder; the beds were overturned, the bureau drawers completely disgorged, and the whole house in a state of confusion. A search was instituted to ascertain the extent of the robbery, which was found to be $375, consisting of silver and coins. The small package of bills, enclosed in rags, remained untouched by the thieves. Barbara Schwartz, the widow, had stolen from her a quantity of silver half dollars and pennies, amounting to five dollars.

On the following morning the accused were conveyed before Justice Connolly at the Yorkville police court, in Fifty-ninth street, by officers Shaw of the 12th Precinct, and Matthews of the 30th Precinct. Messrs. Schwartz and Bauer immediately secured the services of Counsellor Washington Jackson, who is entitled to not a little credit for the indefatigable exertions he has displayed in prosecuting this case. The thieves secured the services of Counsellor Stowell. Schwartz and Bauer, through their counsel, made affidavit setting forth the above facts, while Mrs. Schwartz also made affidavit setting forth the loss of her silver coin and treasure. Whereupon the two thieves, who gave their names as William West and George Wilson, were committed without bail. These two young men are reported to be members of that detestable gang of bounty-jumpers, thieves and robbers, which constantly hang around the corner of Broadway and Houston street. More of them anon.

A Murderous *Outrage*—*Attempt* to Blow up and Fire a Building.

One of the most daring attempts to blow up, and fire a building was made on Sunday evening last at No. 1 New Chambers street. From facts collected, it is shown that William Goetsche, and two companions, whose names are unknown, visited the residence of Mrs. Frank McCort, who occupied the above premises as a liquor store. About 12 o'clock at night on the Sunday in question, Goetsche entered McCort's store, and called for liquor for himself and friends. The liquor was served them, and the men imbibed freely—drinking several times. While others were engaged in testing the quality of liquor offered for sale, Goetsche repaired to the back room, where he remained some time, and again made his appearance passing directly out of the shop, without speaking to his companions, who, however followed immediately after him.

They had departed but a few moments when Mrs. McCort entered the back room where Goetsche had gone previous to his leaving the store, and there much to her horror discovered signs of fire. She called to her husband, who was in the front shop, and hastily informed him that there was fire in the house. Search revealed a barrel in the yard, from which issued volumes of smoke. Mr. McCort thrust his hand into the barrel and drew forth a quantity of burning punk, which he threw on the floor and extinguished. A further search was instituted, to prevent the possibility of existence of fire, when it was discovered that a barrel contained a bottle of turpentine and a quantity of gunpowder—nearly one pound, wrapped in a paper. McCort immediately called in officers Corbett and Muller, and informed them of the fact. A lighted fuse had been placed between the gunpowder and turpentine, and but for the timely discovery of Mrs. McCort the consequences would have been too fearful to contemplate. Learning these exciting facts, the officers at once started in pursuit, and after diligent search succeeded in arresting Goetsche, who was subsequently committed to answer. His companions are yet at large, but the police are confident of bringing them to justice. We hope they may succeed, as such a nefarious crime demands the utmost severity of the law, and we trust that a punishment due their daring attempt to fire and blow up will be visited upon them.

Lynch Law in Manchester.

A few days ago a person who advertised for a loan of £50 received a reply signed "Joseph Wood," but giving no address beyond that of the post-office, where his letters were to be left till called for. A response from the advertiser secured a visit from "Wood," who obtained 12s 6d for stamps and expenses, and made another appointment. This was at the address of a respectable man, who knew nothing of "Wood." A friend of the advertiser, an auctioneer, calling at the post-office, learned that "Wood" had been receiving letters from the post-office for nearly two years, but had been changing his name nearly every week. Another tempting advertisement for a loan of £20 brought a second letter from "Wood," signed "W. J. Gilbert." This was replied to, and the post-office watched. The letters for "Wood, alias Gilbert," had been obtained usually by a boy picked up in the street, but sometimes by a woman. One night a boy presented a note for "Gilberts's" letters, which he took to "Gilbert," who was at the corner of Norfolk street. Scenting the plot, "Gilbert" ran, and was pursued into Deansgate by the auctioneer. Charged with obtaining 12s 6d by false pretences, and threatened with prosecution, he offered to return the money if the auctioneer would go with him to his home in Hulme. He wanted to go by way of Knott Mill Fair, but the auctioneer was too sagacious to have his prisoner lost in a crowd. Thwarted, the pseudo-money lender chose the least frequented streets, and once drew a knife, but, finding the auctioneer similarly armed, he returned it to his pocket. Under the pretence of treating him, the auctioneer got Wood into the Wellington Hotel, Stretford New road. Here the circumstance of the capture were divulged to a numerous company, who made Wood write a note, which brought his wife with 15s. They stripped him of overcoat, dresscoat, and vest, formed a tribunal, convicted him of writing the letters, and, instead of putting him under the pump, poured several glasses of beer on his head. In the presence of some hundreds, he was sold by auction and knocked down for 3½d. In this way he was "roasted" for two hours, and when liberated—in shirt and pants—he was chased by a number of lads who had assembled outside the hotel. At one time he had his letters addressed to a public newsroom, the proprietor of which prohibited him entering the place as soon as he found out the nature of the correspondence his patron was carrying on.—*Manchester Examiner.*

71.2009.085.01271

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THE National Police Gazette.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

FIZZLE OF CHIVALRY.—The history of the world does not record an instance where a rebellion of such gigantic proportions and undertaken under circumstances so favorable for success, and with such high promises of a vigorous prosecution, and with such lofty pretensions to exclusive military skill, and the possession of exclusive chivalry, that so ingloriously fizzled out as this great Southern insurrection. Almost the very last act in the terrible drama enacted during the last four years, reduces the whole affair to the most contemptibly insignificant farce the world has ever known.

Jeff. Davis, the great head and front of the rebellion, whose boastings have obtained a world-wide renown, and who, every one thought, would, in any emergency, assert the dignity of the Magistrate, and vindicate the claims of chivalry, when overtaken by the soldiers of the Union, literally, to use a vulgar expression, "melted down in his boots," and endeavored to skulk away in *petticoats*. "What a fall was there, my countrymen." An act so meanly cowardly has lowered him so much in the estimation of every high-minded, honorable man, that no one can be found to speak of him as being otherwise than beneath contempt. Henceforth his name will become a by-word among men, and history will record him as a boasting, blustering coward; and we do not know that the authorities could inflict a greater punishment on him than to confiscate his property, and compel him to live the remainder of his days within the limits of the United States.

Had he been a high-minded, noble, courageous man, as he would have the world believe, he would, when surrounded by his captors, gracefully acknowledged his defeat and manfully surrender with the dignity belonging to the station to which his misguided followers had elevated him. As it was, he disgraced himself and them, and rendered the cause in which he was engaged, as contemptible as it was possible for a human being to make it. Had he possessed a particle of the chivalry he claimed, he would not, in the last moments of liberty, given way to his craven-heart, and then at least his foes could have respected and pitied him, while they abhorred his crime. Now, even his foreign aiders and abettors will scorn him, and there will be no one found throughout the wide world so poor as to do him reverence. He stands forth to-day as a monument, a beacon light to warn others of the folly of crime, even though the chief actor be for a time clothed with power, and is enabled to lord it over his fellowmen and live sumptuously every day. He is not wanting in ability, and as Secretary of War, or as United States Senator, an opportunity was afforded him of inscribing his name on the page of history in letters of gold. Had he been wise and honest, he could have foreseen that he never could hope to prevail against the power of government, which would have saved him from this present inglorious termination of his career. Had he loved his country and revered its noble constitution with half the ardor with which he sought to trample the stars and stripes in the dust, he would have stood forth as among the first men in the land. As it is, he commenced a glorious career which an unholy ambition has brought to an inglorious termination.

BAD EXAMPLE.—The pernicious example set by our Albany Legislators, appears to be working out its legitimate sequence in other States, and there is danger that, ere long, we will witness a usurpation of municipal rights by State authorities that will bode no good to the people generally. It is a dangerous thing for the people ever to submit to any infringement upon their local rights by State legislators, as it is almost sure to work out such an abridgement of the rights of the people as will seriously threaten the perpetuity of our free institutions. Deep thinkers, who are impregnated with pure democratic ideas of government, contend, and very justly, too, that power should be decentralized as much as it is possible to do and yet carry on the functions of government, and it is only amongst those who have given the subject no thought, or who are favorably disposed toward monarchical and hereditary forms of government, with the attendant train of aristocracy, or who are bent on making money at the expense of the people, that centralization of power finds any favor.

In our State Legislature, for several years past, a large majority of the members appear to have possessed no adequate ideas of the duties of legislators of a free people, and have assumed, in their ignorance, that they had the right to do as they pleased, and consequently, by their chicanery and indecent haste to become rich, they have overthrown all our well established laws, and set the State, and particularly this city, afloat upon a sea of uncertainty, so that our municipal legislators and our people hardly know whether they are governed by a law or by the behests of a legal mob that assembles each year in Albany. We have commissions upon commissions, and if they proceed at the same rate a few years longer, we will have no laws but will be governed by an interminable list of commissioners holding their offices from the State Executive, and in no wise responsible to the people.

We are glad that a spirit of resistance has been aroused in our people, and that our gallant Fire Department has thrown itself into the breach, as it has done on many former occasions to save us from the devouring flames of Albany legislation, and we trust, now that our courts have an opportunity, that they will teach these men that municipalities have rights that they will be compelled to respect. In the meantime the pernicious example they have set is working in other States, and we see that the Massachusetts spoilsmen, in their Legislature, are endeavoring to imitate it, and to use Boston as the fat goose for them to pluck. Fortunately, the citizens of that city have thus far succeeded in thwarting these designs; but we can tell them that the vultures of the Legislature, having once scented the blood, they will not easily let go of their prey. The people of Boston will need to be on their guard, or they will soon find, to their sorrow, that, like us, they will be reduced to a mere skeleton of a municipality, while the Legislature will arrogate to itself the whole power of the State, and leave to local officers but the name of what they once were.

GEN. LEE.—Messrs. Julius Taylor & Co., 39 Park Row, have issued an excellent steel plate engraving of Gen. Robert E. Lee, which they are now offering for sale.

Why do not some of our engravers get up a good likeness, large size, of Gen. Grant? We have no doubt that thousands of them could be readily sold. We have not yet seen one worth possessing.

"DODGER'S" EXPOSITIONS.

MOVEMENTS OF THIEVES.

The "guns" in general, both male and female, are terribly exercised about the manner in which the "beak" Abe Russel dispenses justice to those who are brought before him, for he thinks it a small thing to send a "bloke" up for five "stretches" for "nailing" a man in the street. I only wish that while he occupies the seat he does, he will continue to follow the same course, and then our citizens may expect to travel in safety with their money safe in their "kicks," and not get eased of it while witnessing a ceremony or riding in a public vehicle.

Car and stage "buzzing" has again revived with new vigor, I perceive, for several schools of "dips" are at work in that business; among them are a "sheeney" crowd, which consists of Old Levy, Josh Abrahams, Joe Cohen, and Sarah Benjamin. Sometimes they work as one "mob," but at others, Old Levy and Cohen do the business as regards a "school," and Abrahams and sweet Sarah the other one. I believe they must be making out good, for I perceive they patronize the Belt line of cars daily. This line I think affords the finest facilities for "knucking" that ever I saw in my life, for they are stopped about every minute, and a "bloke" or a "moll" wants to get out, consequently, any one that is on the "knuck" has a good sight of "pulling the bag off" without any one "tumbling" to him or her.

Frank Jenks, the confidence man, has gone on to Oil City, where, I presume, he will raise a pile out of the "flats" who are there by means of his specious tongue. Should any one recognize him by the portrait I gave of him a few months back, I trust they will give this confidence scoundrel a wide berth, for he is not fit to live with civilized men.

DODGER.

CITY EXPOSITOR.

Court of General Sessions.

In the Court of General Sessions during the past week, commencing on Thursday the 12th inst., the following sentences were pronounced by Judge Russel.

Charles O'Brien, convicted of picking pockets at the theatre, was sentenced to the State's Prison for five years.

Henry Bellamy, convicted of petty larceny, sentenced to the Penitentiary one year.

James Regan, grand larceny, Penitentiary one year.

Mary Walker, convicted petty larceny, Penitentiary one year.

Mary Muller, convicted petty larceny, Penitentiary four months.

Edward Wilbaus, grand larceny, State's Prison two years.

John Croochaw, grand larceny, State's Prison one year.

Jno. Smith, attempted grand larceny, State's Prison one year.

BY RECORDER HOFFMAN.

Jno. Williams, grand larceny, State's Prison one year.

Michael Rudolph, grand larceny State's Prison two years.

William Fenlon, grand larceny, State's Prison two years.

Patrick Foley, convicted of knocking down and robbing Adam Rebeck, State's Prison five years.

Joseph Byman pleaded guilty to burglary in the 3d degree, and was sentenced to the State's Prison for five years.

John Scolly and James McCann, pleaded guilty to an attempt at burglary, and were sent to City Prison for three months.

Wm. Ball, pleaded guilty to an attempt at grand larceny, and was remanded. Patrick Querin and James McCormick, pleaded guilty to assault and battery, remanded. William Bush was remanded after having pleaded guilty to assault and battery with intent to kill.

The Court of Special Sessions.

The Court of Special Sessions, under the new law, is now composed of Judges Dowling and Kelly. During the past week, these Justices have held Sessions on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, which will be continued, as heretofore. The change, together with the power given these two magistrates to exercise at their discretion, created not a little sensation among the *attaches* of the court, and many thought their days were numbered. As yet, however, there has been no change in the employees; but what the judges intend doing, is a question which time can only answer. The duty devolving upon them is now of a more arduous character, as they are obliged to attend on trial days, whereas before the "new arrangement" they were not compelled to be present every day.

The judges who are "counted out" cannot, of course, take a back seat with indifference, but there seems to be a feeling of satisfaction among them, and no objections have as yet been interposed. There is one consolation, however, and that is, they have been relieved of a great portion of their hitherto arduous law business. The frequenters of the Tombs, and many others useless to mention, are patiently awaiting the "developments," and look on with interest to see how the "new team" runs.

The Police.

On Sunday evening last, about half-past seven, quite an excitement was occasioned in Twentieth street, by the arrest of an unfortunate individual who was grossly intoxicated. Two officers of the Sixteenth Precinct had the poor fellow in charge, and were conveying him to the station-house. The prisoner was so much under the influence of liquor that he was totally powerless, and was unable to help himself. The officers conducting him persisted in showering upon the inoffensive man the most revolting punishment. At every false step the man made—and he made many—one of the policemen would strike him a violent blow upon the side of the head, while the other officer applied his feet, and kicked the drunken man about the legs.

Instances of this kind are too numerous, and we think an order emanating from Superintendent Kennedy, positively forbidding this, would not be out of the way. A little less brutality on the part of the police would become them better than the present system of voluntary punishment they apply to prisoners, when they are safe from the eyes of the captains and sergeants. The patrolmen have fallen into a system of assuming a great deal of authority when away from the station-house, and there are many of this kind attached to the Sixteenth Ward. A little less ostentation, and a more careful observance of the rules and regulations of the Department would better become them, and award them more impromptu and true-hearted praise than they now receive.

Burglary in Warren Street.

On Thursday last, Wm. Smith, Henry Hartings, and William Ryan were arraigned before Justice Dowling at the Tombs Police Court, charged with the commission of a burglary, at the store of Wm. J. Schlois & Co., silk and cloth dealers, No. 21 Warren street. From facts set forth in the affidavit, it appears that Captain Greer, of the Third Precinct, received information some days ago that a gang of burglars were contemplating a raid upon the above premises. The source from which this information came was of such a character that it led Captain Greer to detail Roundsman Hooper, and officers Tilley, Scott, and Kelleher to watch the store every night; since that time the officers have surrounded the store and waited patiently for the advent of the burglars. On Wednesday night, at about 10 o'clock, the burglars taking advantage of the storm and the darkness of the night, determined to operate and repaired to the store. They first bored a hole in the window-shutter, and through this hole they broke the glass of the window, taking this precaution to prevent the noise of the breaking glass being heard. They then pried off the window-shutters, and Smith and Ryan entered the store while Hastings remained on the watch outside. After waiting some time to allow them to get well at work, the officers made their appearance and arrested the burglars. In their possession were found three large bags and two powerful "jimmies." One of the bags was partially filled with silk velvets. The prisoners were conveyed before Justice Dowling, who committed them, without bail, to answer the charge.

Re-Sentence of Charles H. Walters, the Murderer.

Charles H. Walters, whose crime was murder in the first degree, the details of which have been fully published in the *National Police Gazette*, succeeded, after having been sentenced to be executed on the 15th April, 1864, in obtaining a stay of proceedings and carrying his case before the Court of Appeals, which, however, confirmed the sentence of the Court of General Sessions and sent Walters back to be re-sentenced. On Friday last Walters was called to the bar and asked what he had to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon him according to law. He replied that at the time of the occurrence of the deed he was out of his mind. He did not know what was done. No one regretted what was done more than himself.

Judge Russell then pronounced sentence upon him, dwelling some time on the enormity of his crime, and rehearsing the appellate Court, and said: "The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from whence you came, and on Friday, the 23d of June, 1865, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

Walters remained perfectly calm during the pronunciation of this sentence, and after the reading of the death warrant, was removed from the court by Sheriff Kelly.

A CLERICAL LOVER.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CLERGYMAN PLAYS A STAR ENGAGEMENT.

Father and Son Court the Same Girl.

THEY BITE AT A NEWSPAPER "MATRIMONIAL."

Brilliant Plot of a Toronto Wag.

LOVE LETTERS OF THE CLERICAL SUITOR

A Law Student Personates the Sentimental Doxie.

EXCHANGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BETROTHED.

Irrepressible Ardor of the Episcopal Wooer.

HE VISITS TORONTO TO MEET HIS PROSPECTIVE BRIDE.

Abrupt Breaking of the Matrimonial Spell.

THE RAGE, THE REVULSION, THE UPROAR OF THE FINAL EXPLOSION.

Characteristic Influence of a Vernal Sun upon Insects of Peculiar Breed.

A lively bit of romance found its roaring *denouement* quite recently in the ambitious little city of Toronto, Canada West, involving both matrimony and an extraordinary matrimonial correspondence, sandwiched with juvenile mischief of a positively stunning character. We would hardly have thought there was a sufficiency of bold enterprise, and enough of the spirit of audacious adventure among her Majesty's provincial subjects in the vicinity of the Polar bear, to conceive and execute such a piece of rascally romance as has lately transpired among them. But they have positively done a brilliant thing, and we must credit them for it. Occasional gleams are known to light up the most abandoned bye-paths, or perhaps, in view of the season of the year when this bit of provincial mischief illumined the Canadian border, the key can be found to the isolated phenomenon. Let us illustrate by a comparison. The insect race, after sleeping through the protracted winter in their frosty shroud, without a sign of life, with the approach of the vernal sun are supposed to experience a temporary resurrection, the increasing heat of April warms them into spasmodic vivacity, and during a few subsequent months of the year they buzz and flutter through the beams of the king of day in vicious multitudes and fantastic gyrations, constantly executing the most annoying "practical jokes." This is the general law of the insect tribe. Especially and particularly true is it of the Prince of Insects—the reptile, accursed above all "beasts of the field," denounced by a "higher law" from the beginning to go upon his belly all of his life, that after sleeping in his icebound coffin through the winter, the spring sun re-animates him, his scaly folds revel in the approach of vernal heat, till revived with a brief breath from the tropics, he is empowered for a season to gather his glittering coils, and discharge his "green and yellow virus at the unwary traveller. This is the snake's cunning triumph, and also his revenge for the hatred and contempt of mankind. Even so may it be said has it lately been of a smart bevy of a section of our blue-nosed neighbors. The soft breath wafted from the coming summer months has thawed them into an interval of glittering existence, and we must confess they improved their time well in seizing the luxury of fitful sparkling. They have a right to exult over their decided achievement so signally won in the rural district of Toronto, for, unlike the rest of mankind, every season of the year is not for them. After a brief indulgence in gay and cunning evolutions, they must again wrap the drapery of their icy cloak around them and await another vernal resurrection. We have thought this introductory prefix to the story we are about to give eminently judicious and proper, else its Toronto heroes might be unduly flattered by its publication in this paper. It is sometimes wise, by a species of philosophical episode, to sober the intoxication of victory.

Now for the romance itself. Prominent among the characters figuring in it, are a New Hampshire clergyman and his son, a farmer, residing in the State of Illinois. The Toronto hero of the narrative was a law student of that Provincial town, who assumed the *role* of personating a fair Canadian maiden, and always considering the *season*, it must be confessed the Toronto aspirant played his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," with dashing success. The Reverend gentleman and his son were both eager to take to themselves a wife. A correspondence was opened, first by the son and afterwards by the reverend father, with the Toronto gent personating a Toronto damsel glowing with matrimonial fire, till in this warm month of May the whole plot suddenly lifted in the streets of Toronto amid "roars of laughter" and multitudinous swarms of Canadian breed flashing their gay and rarefied pinions in the early light of May.

For the sake of consecutive narration it will be necessary to invite the reader's attention as far back as the month of August, 1861. In the aforesaid month and year, a "gallus" limb of Canadian jurisprudence living in Toronto, noticed a "matrimonial" advertisement in a Chicago paper, stating that the advertiser, a farmer, residing in McHenry county, Illinois, named W——, was anxious to open a correspondence with a lady of prepossessing appearance and fair educational attainments, with a view to matrimony.

The reader will bear in mind again the season of the year here referred to. It was in August, a period when the thawed out insects of frost-bitten climes are in their full feather. Our Toronto hero was in his happiest mood, both of humor and genius. He was fluttering for a "lark." The "matrimonial" in a Chicago paper furnished the grateful one, and the suggestion was promptly embraced. Thereupon the Toronto gent determined to drop Mr. W—— a note, signed Helen Christopher, and intimating his (or her,) desire to cultivate the acquaintance of a decent gentleman of matrimonial inclinations. "Helen" addressed herself to the Illinois swain as having waited long, and was tired, she said, of living alone with "no one to love." To invest herself with additional fascination, and if possible, to work upon the young farmer's sympathy, Helen entered into a description of her position. She represented herself as an orphan, of respectable family connections, possessed of some means, and that she lived with a friend or guardian in the rural city of Toronto. The letter, thus loaded with ambitious matrimony, was mailed, and in due time reached its destination. The author had a sufficiency of perceptive cunning to give the letter all the appearance of a genuine article. It was clothed in modest phrase, disclosing an apparent shrinking from anything indelicate, and indicating the writer replete with innocence and virtue. The Illinois' farmer promptly answered "Miss Helen's" letter, giving every evidence of sincerity. A regular correspondence was thereupon inaugurated and continued between the parties for some time.

Eventually, however, on the time-honored principle, probably, that the course of true love never did run smooth," "Miss Helen" was pleased to take offence at Mr. W—— "once upon a time" for not paying his postage on one letter. All lovers of the sterner sex, Miss Helen affected to believe, should pay postage on all letters, whether sent or received. We are not however sure that the "offence" professed by the Toronto correspondent was not rather serious than affected. It was the first evidence furnished the facetious Canadian Bloomer that even a matrimonial joke might cost *something*, at least a postage stamp. And the high Northern clime of the Toronto joker may have superinduced a corresponding barrenness of pocket. At any rate, a coolness at once ensued on the part of the Toronto genius, all on account of the absence of the desired postage stamp, and for a while the correspondence ceased. "Miss Helen," however, *woman-like*, couldn't stand it so, and she finally re-opened communications with Mr. W——, and again in due time received a reply. This reply opens a new chapter. The Illinois farmer informed his Toronto "love" that he had been corresponding with a "Yankee" girl during the sad interval aforesaid, and that at length, to his great grief, he had married her. In forming this connection, he was now satisfied he had gone too far, and he deeply regretted the step he had taken. He had supposed that she who was now his wife had written all the letters addressed to him before marriage; but he now realized that instead of doing the work herself, she had secured the services of a friend who did it for her, she being too illiterate for so delicate a task. Here was a sad dilemma. The McHenry county farmer was embarrassed, and being a man of culture himself, he declared by letter to his Toronto love that he never could be happy with such a woman as his present wife. "Miss Helen" replied to this epistle in a tone of superb Christian philosophy, advising the prairie State suitor to cling to the wife he had unfortunately become involved with "for better or for worse." This closed the correspondence between these parties and a short hiatus in the drama followed. But the cream of the Canadian practical joke is yet to be realized.

At this point, the father of Mr. W——, the Rev. Mr. W——, steps upon the stage and spreads before the foot-lights. We shall soon see the part assigned for him, and a part indeed it was. Of a truth, he was "sold" most remorselessly. With all his clerical "honors thick upon him." A New England widower honestly in search of a wife, he was tempted by the voice of a treacherous syren to make his lonely way the entire distance from New Hampshire to Toronto, a breadth of territory full six hundred miles, only on his arrival to have his episcopal gravity coarsely and fearfully shocked by the boisterous guffaws and uproarious salutations of an irrepressible Toronto mob.

But what were the strange steps that could ensure such a *denouement*? the reader will eagerly inquire. These we propose briefly to give.

It appears that the Rev. gentleman, with a not unusual parental liberty, had been indulging a peep into his son's private affairs, and in the pursuit of his curious explorations made the discovery of the state of things between the son and the Toronto *love*. In the process of burrowing he was further persuaded to believe that the Toronto "flame" was at once beautiful, amiable and lovely. By a species of diplomacy not distinctly revealed, a photograph, purporting to represent the Toronto beauty, but in reality the likeness of a Canadian actress, was brought into the Rev. gentleman's possession, with which he became at once enamored, and being as aforesaid a widower, and a considerably *ripe* one at that, the venerable chap could see no reason why he should not open a correspondence on his own account, and secure the lovely "Helen" for himself, especially as all relations with the son were now permanently broken. Thus a correspondence was opened, and the whole affair has lately come to an astounding dramatic explosion, including all the letters and even the photograph of the Rev. gentleman himself, sent to his Toronto betrothed. It may be instructive to all future clerical aspirants for conjugal felicity, especially through newspaper "matrimonials," to lay some of the epistolary evidences of this embryo clerical love brought to disastrous grief before "a candid world."

Hereupon we give letter No. 1, from the Rev. New Hampshire suitor to his *lady love*:—

"——, STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,
"Jan. 26, 1865.

"Miss Helen:—May I, though a stranger to you, address you this note, as introductory to correspondence and mutual friendship, if the same may meet your approbation. I have been flattered to believe that Miss Christopher is one whose friendship I might appreciate as a companion for life. By this time you discover the motive of my writing, and I hope you will treat my application as a confidante. Let no one into the secret, and I will write you very friendly. You may want a description of my person, and of my position in life. I am a minister of the Gospel, am unmarried, buried a nice little wife—years ago, and have no children to tax the attention of a companion. My family is provided for and off my hands. I think sometimes of discontinuing preaching, and of retiring to private life. My age people judge to be 35, though I am older. I am above the middle size of man, though not large; have perfect health, and a fair position in society. My complexion is dark, with dark eyes and hair; hair not tinged with grey in the least. What makes my complexion still darker, I wear a full beard and moustache. Perhaps Helen would not like that.

"I have already proceeded, perhaps, further with the description than you will like. Pardon me, and let me say that if this may meet with a welcome, I shall hope for a response from your hand accompanied with a photograph, and such questions as you may be pleased to propound, with, perhaps, a voluntary description of yourself, &c. I hope you will write with the same familiarity you would use in addressing a school-mate. Write soon.

"Now, little lady, I hope this presumptuous note will neither embarrass nor disgust you; coming, as I know it must to you from an unexpected source. You may be assured of my integrity and honor; and may this fall into the possession of a confidante who will make no disclosures. Enclosed are ten cents for return postage. "Yours, J. W."

The Toronto "Miss Christopher" of course answered this promptly and encouragingly, it being directly in *her line*, as there was obviously milk in this cocoanut. The Rev. J. W. was up to time and wrote again, from which we make the following extracts:

"——, State of N. H., Feb. 27.

"The delay of your kind note was the occasion of some anxiety; but its final arrival is appreciated, and is deserving of the fullest development. I may first say your name came to me not intentionally, or for any purpose in particular, through an intimate gentleman friend, who has been a resident of New York city. * * * * To my surprise E. W., my son, at Illinois, mentioned to me that he was in correspondence with two ladies—Miss Helen C. being one of them. I was baffled for a time, till my son, a little before I wrote you the first letter, sent me a paper, advertising his marriage with a Miss P. Upon the receipt of the paper you received the other note. This little girl solved all the mystery.******* When you receive this I hope on reading it you will destroy it; you will please burn it up. I am now going to tell you much more than you asked of me, believing you to be a confidante, or a true lady who will betray no one. My anxiety was in relation to my letter reaching an untrue girl. I may here say that my photograph is in the gallery—otherwise I should have written you two days ago. You will, however, have the latest edition of my photograph. I must tell you, too, that this State is not my home. I was raised and educated here, but my home is in Illinois.******* The people here, as in all places, bestow on me the utmost respect. May I ask my little girl (if I may be allowed to call her so) if you are a Christian? If you can sing and play on the meodeon? If you have good health? What is your complexion? You need not answer these questions, unless you choose to do so.

"P. S.—I may as well continue writing. * * * * Your lady-like honesty pleased me. Your note exhibited the lady; that, you may be assured, was a luxury to your correspondent. I would like to see your photograph (the other lying with my son). I am restless to see it. Please write without the least embarrassment. No one in the world will know what Helen writes me. I trust no one will be informed of what I write her. The Lord bless her for ever.

"J. W."

Soon after the clerical lover addressed "Miss Christopher" another epistle, containing the following:

"——— STATE OF NEW YORK, March 7.

"MY DEAREST HELEN.—As I repaired to church last evening, I found your kind note on the table in waiting for me. I was in great agitation, and considerably embarrassed, fearing there was no photograph; but upon retiring to my room I found my Helen to be the true lady still. She had complied with my request; and I was much pleased with her honor. Now, with this page, I introduce to you a new edition of thought. Providence is so directing that I expect to make a trip soon. And shall I have an invitation from Helen to call at her residence in Toronto? * * * Perhaps I may offer you my hand, or come very near doing so, the first visit. If you are my girl, as you swear to be, I want to tell you a thousand things, though I am not usually talkative. I expect on going to the gallery this morning to obtain a photograph, which I contemplate forwarding you, in hopes that you will return the awkward-looking one I first sent you.

"J. W."

At this stage of the correspondence, our Toronto hero, *alias* Helen C., thinking it imprudent to bring the old man on a fool's errand some six hundred miles from his "local habitation" sent him a note over another name, pretending to have accidentally found one of his letters, and to be a rival of his for the affections of Helen, and threatening him with a castigation in case he should make his appearance in Toronto. Upon the receipt of this note the Rev. J. W. became troubled in spirit, and wrote as follows:

"——, March 20.

"My dearest Helen,—I am in a quandary and send you the enclosed note which I have just received (the threatening letter.) I cannot make out the name. I wish you would write it legibly. . . . It is not familiar to me. It may be better that it should not be known at all. You will be the best judge in that respect. His note implies that I am a rival. Am I in the way of the gent? . . . I have never written a syllable to embarrass you, or to infringe your right nor the right of any one to whom you may be under obligation. . . . You respond, my dear Helen, at the earliest moment.

J. W."

"P. S.—If Helen is my girl, she will write and tell me the worst, if there is a worst. I am sorry to torture your feelings. I cannot conceive what control any one not engaged to a lady can have over such a lady. I know you will tell me all; I know you will; and if I cannot see you at Toronto, and I am still your choice, you will be able to see me somewhere else. If there is something wrong, talk to your pastor, or elder, and have it corrected, and let me have his certificate, so I can call at Toronto without jeopardy to character. I will not call till I hear from you again, and have your advice. Be frank; be a true girl.

"J. W."

Helen answered the above, explaining the matter, and advising him to come on to Toronto without fear of molestation; that the young man who had sent the threatening note had been chased out of the city, and would not return. To this an answer was sent forthwith:—

"April 4, 1865.

"My dearest Helen:—I was much baffled, but am pleased to know that the affair is all right. . . . I shall be at your city some time next week. Call at the post-office in the middle of the week. . . . I must meet you, my own little girl. Yours with the highest consideration and esteem. Your last is the greatest luxury I could enjoy at this particular time.

"J. W."

"P.S.—Perhaps you will have flashes of hate toward me at first sight. My dear girl, I do not know how my mind becomes drawn in that direction. This is a mystery."

In a subsequent letter, the Rev. gentleman informed "Helen" that circumstances would prevent him from being in Toronto till about the 9th or 10th of May; but when he should arrive he expected to meet his "little girl," his "dearest Helen." Credulous swain in the pursuit of reciprocated love! What a pitfall to his personal dignity was fairly littering for him in anticipation! Punctual to his promise, the Rev. gentleman actually honored Toronto with his presence on Wednesday afternoon last week, and he at once announced his arrival by dropping a note in the post-office, telling "Helen" that he would be in King street on Thursday, enveloped in a shawl; that she would thus recognize him, especially as she had his photograph. He would also appear at two o'clock at the post-office, and if not met with there, he would visit the Albion Hotel in hopes of meeting with his "little girl." The distressing, if not distressed clerical man adhered strictly to these arrangements, as many who were in the secret beheld to their malicious delight. The idea of a man of the clergyman's position roaming the streets of Toronto in search of a visionary sweetheart was a rare spectacle to the fractious blades lurking about in the *dark*. He appeared sadly disappointed, became fidgetty, and cast wistful glances at the passers-by as he promenaded the streets, whilst his tormentors, for such they were, could scarcely contain themselves. They were at his side at the post-office, on the street, and even talking with him to the hotel. Being tired waiting for his Helen, he concluded upon leaving the city, being wearied, doubtless, in the envelope of "mystery" and his big shawl, at the non-appearance of his "dearest Helen." Upon this, "Helen," or at least the law student—for such he is—determined to enlighten the Rev. J. W., and clear up the mystery before his departure from the city. With this object in view, and followed by a large number of "students," "Helen," with other interested friends, proceeded to the Union Station to give the reverend gentleman a suitable parting salute. Shortly before the train for the West was ready to start, our ministerial suitor made his appearance on the street, near the station, bag in hand, with a heavy step and heavier heart, and a downcast eye. Helen, who of course was dressed neither like a "little girl" nor "a true lady," stepped up to her correspondent, and reaching out her (or at least his) hand, exclaimed, "How are you, old W——?" "How are you, Miss Helen Christopher?" The spectators thereupon yelled, laughed, and enjoyed the joke amazingly.

The discomfiture of the man with the "full black beard and moustache," and who passed for thirty-five, may be more easily imagined than described. He became pale with rage, stamped his foot on the planks, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed: "You vile rascal, how dare you play me such a trick!" He instantly took a bee-line for the station, muttering—blessings, of course upon his deceivers, and sought refuge in the train doubtless still "nervous and embarrassed," and decidedly out of temper with himself and his "dearest Helen," whose conduct must have caused a sudden "change to come o'er the spirit of his dream." When the old man started to run towards the station the boys raised loud cheers for "W—— and Miss Christopher," a salutation which, doubtless, grated harshly upon his ears, and caused him to believe that those who seek wives through the medium of "matrimonial" advertisements have a hard road to travel.

Whatever may be said of this affair, it must be admitted that while there are such silly dupes in the world as the Rev. J. W. has proved himself to be, wags will be found to play tricks upon them.

TRIAL OF WASHINGTON CONSPIRATORS.

ALL THE MATERIAL TESTIMONY TO THIS DATE.

Dark and Damning Evidence against Most of the Prisoners.

MRS. SURRATT A CHIEF PRIESTESS AMONG THE VILLAINS.

O'Loughlin's Close Intimacy with Booth.

He is Positively Identified as Prowling about the House of Sec. Stanton.

THE STAGE CARPENTER, SPANGLER, HEAVILY INVOLVED IN THE DRAMA.

Startling Discovery of Letters showing the Existence of the Conspiracy.

COMPLICITY OF THE PROMINENT REBELS BROADLY PROVEN.

Sanders shown to have been Intimate with Booth.

THE ASSASSINS CASTS LOTS

The Charlotte Cordoy of the Nineteenth Century.

THE SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY OF FRIDAY LAST.

Henry Van Steinacker, an engineer officer of the confederate service, being duly sworn for the prosecution, testified as follows:

After the battle of Gettysburg, when near Harrisonburg, twenty-five miles from Staunton, at Swift Run gap, I was overtaken by three citizens, with whom I got better acquainted, after having ridden a while with them, and I found them out to belong to Maryland; the name of one was Booth, and the other one's name was Sheppard.

Q. Did you have any free conversations in regard to public affairs while you were with him. A. Yes, sir. Q. Will you state what Booth said to you in regard to any contemplated purpose of attack upon the President of the United States? State all that he said? A. I was asked by Booth and by those others, too, what I thought of the probable success of the confederacy; and I told them that after such a chase as we had then got from Gettysburg, I believed it looked rather gloomy; and then Booth told me "That is nonsense, if we only act our part right the confederacy will gain their independence; old Abe Lincoln must go up the spout, and the confederacy will gain their independence anyhow." That was the expression at the time. Q. Did he state under what circumstances that would become necessary? A. He said as soon as the confederacy was near giving out, so soon as they were nearly whipped, that must be done; that would be the final resource to gain the independence of the confederacy. Q. Did you meet there a number of confederate officers—I speak to the end of your ride—with the Stonewall Brigade? A. Yes, sir. That was about three or four days afterward. They went from me the next day. My horse could not keep up with the other horses; they were splendidly mounted, and my horse was nearly broken down; so they went on. Three or four days afterwards I was called to some of the regimental camps and told that some strangers, friends of mine, wanted to see me. I did not know who it was. When I came to the camp I found those three citizens, and was introduced by Captain Randolph personally, formally to Booth and Stevens. Q. Do you or do you not know whether there was a secret meeting of rebel officers on that occasion? A. That evening there was a secret meeting, where I was not admitted. Q. Was Booth in that meeting? A. I believe so; they were all in together. Q. What did he state to you was the determination and purpose of that meeting? A. The purpose of that meeting was, I was informed afterward, to send certain officers on detached service to Canada and the borders, and to deliver prisoners to lay Northern cities in ashes, and, finally, to get all the members of the Cabinet and kill the President. That was the main purpose. I heard that more than a thousand times, but never so much as at the time when I was informed it was the purpose of the meeting. I always considered it common braggadocio before. Q. Was anything said as to what part Captain Beall—the one afterwards executed—was to play in these movements at the North? A. Cockerill told me Beall was on detached service, and we would hear of him.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. MARY HUDSPETH.

Mrs. Mary Hudspeth, a witness called for the prosecution, testified as follows:

I reside at Harlem, New York; while going down to the city on the Third avenue cars in November last, two gentlemen in the car attracted my attention; whether they were in or not when I got in I am not confident; I overheard their conversation; they were talking most earnestly; one of them said he would leave for Washington the day after to-morrow, and the other was going to Newburgh or Newbern that night; they left the car; the man that was sitting near me pushed his hat forward and with that pushed his whiskers at the same time; the front face was much darker than it was under the whiskers.

Q. Was he a young man? A. He was young. Q. Do you think you would recognize his features again? A. I think I should. Q. (Exhibiting to the witness the photograph of Booth, Exhibit No. 1.) Look at that and say whether it recalls him to you? A. The face is the same. Q. Did you observe his hands? Did he seem to have been a man who had led a life of ease or not? A. The hand that was ungloved was very beautiful; the other hand had a gauntlet on; they exchanged letters in the cars; the one who had false whiskers put back the letters in his pocket, and I saw a pistol in his belt. Q. Did any of the conversation fall on your ears? were you able to hear it? A. I overheard him say he would leave for Washington the day after to-morrow. Q. That is the one who had the ungloved hand and the false whiskers? A. Yes; and the other was very angry because it had not fallen on him to go to Washington; he had been sent for to some place by a messenger. Q. You say he seemed very angry because it had not fallen to his lot to go to Washington instead of the other? A. Yes, sir; I had letters of my own to post at the Nassau street post office; one of them left about Twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh street, and as he left I moved up into his place; the car was crowded; my daughter said that I had dropped one of my letters, she picked something up and gave it to me; when I went down to the brokers', where I was going with some gold, I went to take out my pocket-book and I saw two letters in it; I thought it of importance because of the conversation. Q. Are you certain it is the envelope with the letters dropped by one of these men? A. It must have been, because I saw them exchange letters, and there was no one else at that seat.

The letters were then presented and read to the commission as follows:

"DEAR LOUIS—The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly, we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful, solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—Abe must die, and now. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the knife, the bullet. The cup failed us, and might again. Johnson, who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he cannot wreak it upon the fountain-head, he will upon some of the blood-thirsty generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing—on my way to Detroit—I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friend. Your disguises are so perfect and complete that, without one knew your face, no police telegraphic dispatch would catch you. The English gentleman, Harcourt, must not act hastily. Remember, he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories; not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Saunders is doing us no good in Canada.

"Believe me, your brother in love,

"CHARLES SELBY."

"ST. LOUIS, October 21, 1864.

"DEAREST HUSBAND—Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and now you have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time you only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. *We are so lonely* without you. I have written to you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home; I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was I would go to you wherever you were, if in *this world*. Louis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heart-broken wife.

LEENEA."

Q. What did you do with these letters after you examined them and found their character? A. I took them first to General Scott, who asked me to read them to him; he said he thought it was of great importance, and asked me to take it to General Dix; I did so, and gave it to General Dix.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN DEVENEY.

John Deveney, a Philadelphian, called for the prosecution being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Did you meet John Wilkes Booth in Canada? A. I did. Q. In company with whom did you see him there? A. The first time I saw him in Canada, I saw him standing in the St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, talking with George N. Sanders. Q. Did they, or not, seem to be intimate? A. They seemed to be talking very confidentially. Q. Were they drinking together? A. Yes; I saw them go into Dowley's and have a drink together. Q. You mean George N. Sanders? A. Yes; George N. Sanders who used to be navy agent at New York. Q. Did you see in Canada at the same time Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who was Secretary of the Interior under the administration of President Buchanan? A. I saw Mr. Thompson, Mr. Clay, Mr. Tucker, and several others. They were pointed out to me, but I was not acquainted with those gentlemen. Q. You mean Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, formerly United States senator? A. That was the man; I mean him; I presume he was the man, he was pointed out to me as the person. Q. Did you have conversation with Booth? A. Yes, I spoke to him. I asked him what he was doing there; I asked him, "Are you going to play here?" knowing that he was an actor; he said, "no," he was not. Said I, "What are you going to do?" Said he, "I just came here on a visit, a pleasure trip." I saw in the papers afterwards that he had been trying to make an engagement with Buckland of the Theatre Royal there, but I do not believe it. Q. When was the next time you saw Booth? A. The next time I saw Booth, he was on the steps of the Kirkwood House, in this city, the night of the 14th of April, a few minutes before five, or between five and six o'clock. Q. What occurred then? A. He was going into the hotel; I was standing talking to a young man named Callan, I think, who works in one of the departments; he was formerly a sergeant of cavalry, I think; just then Booth passed me going into the hotel, and turned around and spoke to me; I asked him when he came from Canada, for I did not know he had left there; he said he had been back some time, and was going to stay here some time, and would see me again; I asked: "Are you going to play here again?" Said he, "No, I am not going to play again; I am in the oil business;" I laughed and joked at that, it being a common joke to talk about the oil business;" a few minutes after I saw him coming down street on horseback, on a bay horse; I took particular notice what kind of a looking rig he had on the horse; I do not know what made me do it; the next I saw of him I heard the speech and saw him jump out of the box at the theatre, and when he fell he fell on one hand and one knee, and I recognised him; he fell with his face towards the audience; I said, "He is John Wilkes Booth, and he has shot the President;" I made that remark right there; that is the last ever I saw of him, when he was running across the stage. Q. You say you are certain you saw him and Sanders drinking together as well as talking? A. Yes, sir, I did. I am sure of it. Sanders says he never saw him; but Sanders tells a lie, because he did see him; I saw him talking to him.

CROSS-EXAMINED.

By the Court: Q. Why did you say it was John Wilkes Booth, and that he had shot the President? A. I did not know Mr. Lincoln had been shot, but it dashed on my mind when Booth jumped out of that box that he had done such a thing, because I knew the President was in the box; I saw him go in, and I heard the pistol shot, and the words "Sic semper tyrannis," and I knew from my school-boy knowledge that was the motto of the State of Virginia.

By the Judge Advocate: You say Booth shouted "Sic semper tyrannis?" A. I heard the words in the box; I think it was Booth said it; I heard the words before I saw the man. Q. Had he his knife in his hand as he went across the stage? A. He had. Q. Did he make any remark as he crossed the stage? A. It is said he did, but I did not notice it; the excitement was so great that I did not notice it; I can safely swear that I did not hear any remark; at least I cannot call to my mind that I did.

TESTIMONY OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, a witness called for the prosecution, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

By the Judge Advocate: Will you state whether you are acquainted with Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior under President Buchanan's administration? A. I met him once; that was when the army was lying opposite Vicksburg, at what is called Milliken's Bend and Young's Point; a little boat was discovered coming up on the opposite shore, apparently surreptitiously, trying to avoid detection, and a little tug was sent out from the navy to pick it up; when they got to it they found a little white flag sticking out of the stern of the rowboat, and Jacob Thompson in it; they brought him to admiral Porter's flag-ship, and I was sent for and met him; I do not recollect now the ostensible business he had; there seemed to be nothing important at all in the visit, but he pretended to be under a flag of truce, and, therefore, he had to be allowed to go back again.

[The balance of his testimony was unimportant.]

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL KNAPP CHESTER.

Samuel Knapp Chester, a witness called for the prosecution, an actor by profession, being duly sworn, testified as follows: Early in January, Booth came to New York and came to my house; I then lived at No. 45 Grove street; he asked me to take a walk with him; I did so; we went out and went to a saloon known as the House of Lords, on Houston street; we remained there a considerable time—I suppose an hour—eating and drinking; he had often mentioned this affair—that is, his speculation; but would never say what it was; if I would ask him what it was, he would say he would tell me what it was bye-and-bye; we left there, and went to another saloon under the Revere House, and eat some oysters; we then started up Broadway; I thought it was time to go home, and my way was down Bleecker street—that is, up Broadway from the corner of Houston—and I had to turn down Bleecker to get to Grove street; I bade him good night; he asked me to walk a piece farther up the street with him, and I did so; I walked a square—that is, to Fourth street, or next street; he asked me to walk up there with him, and I did so; he asked me to walk up Fourth street because Broadway was crowded; he said Fourth street was not so full of people as Broadway, and he wanted to tell me about that speculation; I walked up there with him, and when we got into an unfrequented portion of the street, he stopped and told me that he was in a large conspiracy to capture the heads of the Government, including the President, and take them to Richmond; I asked him if that was what he wanted me to go in; he said it was; I told him I could not do it, that it was an impossibility, only to think of my family; he said he had two or three thousand dollars that he could leave them; I still said I could not do it; he urged, and talked with me for, I suppose, twenty minutes or half-an-hour, and I still refused; he then told me that at least I would not betray him, and said I dare not; he said he could implicate me in the affair, anyhow; he said that the party were sworn together, and that if I attempted to betray them I would be hunted down through life, and talked some more about the affair; I cannot remember it now—but still urging me, saying I had better go in; I told him no, and bade him good night, and I went home.

Q. Did he indicate to you what part he wished you to play in carrying out this conspiracy? A. Yes, sir; I was to open the back door of the theater at a signal.

Q. Did he have any conversation with you at a later period, after the inauguration, as to the opportunity which he had for the assassination of the President? Did he speak of that? A. Yes, sir; on Friday, one week previous to the assassination, he was in New York.

Q. What did he say then? A. We were in the House of Lords at the time, sitting at a table, and had not been there long before he exclaimed, striking the table, "What an excellent chance I had to kill the President, if I had wished, on inauguration day;" that was all he said relative to that.

Q. Did he explain what the chance was? A. No; he said he was as near the President on that day as he was to me; that is all he said.

The commission soon after adjourned until Saturday morning, the 13th, from which time the testimony has all been made public by the reporters for the press.

WASHINGTON, May 13th.

The court engaged in the trial of the assassination conspirators altered one of the rules to-day, so as to admit the reporters for the press.

THE COURT-ROOM.

The court is held at the Old Penitentiary, in an upper room, with two old windows at the east and two at the north. These windows are ironed with flat bars.

THE PRISONERS.

Along the wall, on the west side, on raised seats, were the prisoners, Dr. Mudd, David C. Harold, Lewis Payne, Edward Spangler, of Ford's Theatre; Michael O'Laughlin, Atzeroth, and Samuel Arnold. Sitting outside the paling was Mrs Surratt, leaning on a small green baize table.

THE COUNSEL FOR THE PRISONERS.

Beyond Mrs. Surratt, on the other side of the table, near the northern windows, sit the counsel for the accused, who are as follows: Mr. Thomas Ewing, son of the Ohio ex-senator; Attorney Stone, Mr. Walter S. Cox, Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and Messrs. Aiken and Clampett.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT.

Running east and west, beside the northern wall, is a long table, also covered with green baize. At this table sit the court. The following is the detail of the court:

Major-General David Hunter, U. S. V.
Major-General Lewis Wallace, U. S. V.
Brevet Major-General August V. Kautz, U. S. V.
Brigadier-General Albion P. Howe, U. S. V.
Brigadier-General Robert S. Foster, U. S. V.
Brevet Brigadier General James A. Ekin, U. S. V.
Brigadier General T. W. Harris, U. S. V.
Brevet Colonel C. H. Tompkins, U. S. A.
Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Clendinin, Eight Illinois Cavalry.
Brigadier-General Joseph Holt, Judge-Advocate.

THE PRISONERS.

Dr Mudd looked calm, collected and attentive, leaning on a table as if to relieve his wrists from the weight of the handcuffs that encumbered them.

Arnold was restless, raising his hands to his hair with a nervous twitching, and constantly varying the direction of his looks, now glancing from face to face, then bowing his head upon his hands, which he supported on his knees. His handcuffs were somewhat peculiar not being connected, as usual, with a chain, but by a bar about eight inches in length.

Payne, dressed in a grey woollen shirt and dark pants, seemed more intent in trying to obtain a full view of the sunny landscape through the barred windows than of confining his attention to the details of the proceedings. As he looked, a strange, listless dreaminess pervaded his face. His dark hair, irregularly parted, hung over his face, and often clouded his dark blue eyes. His thick and somewhat protruding lips were as if glewed together. His legs were crossed and his ironed hands rested upon his knees.

O'Laughlin was keenly observant of every movement in the court. He leaned back with his head against the wall, fully exposing his broad but not high forehead, crowned with a full bushy head of black hair. He has dark eyes and a pale, bloodless complexion, and wears a heavy moustache and wide imperial, both very black. On his knees he rested his manacles which, like those of Arnold, were connected with an eight-inch iron bar.

Atzerott is a man of some five feet six inches height, and had it not been for his manacles might have been taken for a mere spectator. He possesses a style of face most common in southern Germany. His hair and beard are of a reddish, sandy color. His eyes are light.

One police officer sat beside each prisoner.

Mrs. Surratt has already been correctly described. She is a stout, buxom widow, fitting Falstaff's ideal "fair fat and forty" though it is ascertained she is far beyond that period of life, having nearly reached her grand climacteric. She was dressed in black and looked a little flushed; but we failed to notice that cold, cruel gleam in her grey eyes, which some of the gentlemen of the press have attributed to them.

SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY.

The first testimony taken in the case of the several parties arraigned was a portion of that which the government deems it necessary for the present, to withhold from the public.

AN UNEXPECTED SCENE.

When the testimony had all been rendered, Brigadier-General T. W. Harris stated that he rose to object to the admission of Reverdy Johnson as counsel pleading before that court, and that he did this upon the ground that in an opinion delivered by Mr Johnson, that gentleman had expressed his disregard of the sanctity of an oath.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson replied in some extended remarks, vindicating himself from the charge made by Gen. Harris, and the latter ultimately withdrew the accusation. The court then proceeded to take the

TESTIMONY OF A. W. LEE.

The witness testified that he belonged to the military police; was ordered by Major O'Beirne to examine the Kirkwood House, and see how the building was arranged; went there on the night of April 15, and while there learned from a friend that a suspicious looking person had taken a room the day previous and registered his name as E. A. Atzeroth; went up stairs; found the door locked; burst it open and entered the room; found a coat hanging on the wall, and a bundle containing a coat and sundry small articles; on searching the bed, found under the pillow or bolster a revolver bound with brass; (The revolver was shown in court and was loaded.) I then found in the pockets of the coat a black book and three handkerchiefs, one marked "Mary R. Booth," another "F. A. Nelson," or "F. E. Nelson," and the third "M. H."; on the back of the book was written: "Mr. J. Wilkes Booth, in account with the Bank of Ontario, $450;" the room was No. 126, over that occupied by Vice-President Johnson; searched the bed again, and underneath the sheets and mattresses found two bowie-knives; did not see the occupant of the room.

The witness was then cross-examined, but no new facts were elicited.

TESTIMONY OF LEWIS J. WEICHMAN.

I made the acquaintance of John H. Surratt in the fall of 1860, in Charles county, Maryland, and was with him there until 1862; renewed acquaintance with him in January, 1863, in Washington; began to board at the house of his mother, No. 541 H street, Washington, Nov. 1, 1864; became acquainted with Dr. Mudd about January 15; was walking down Seventh street with Surratt, when the latter's name was called, and he recognized Dr. Mudd as an old acquaintance; the doctor was introduced to witness, and in turn introduced to witness and Surratt J. Wilkes Booth, who was with him at the time; went to Booth's room at the National Hotel, when wine and cigars were ordered for four; Mudd went out and called out Booth, and had a private conversation with him; the two returned and called out Surratt, leaving witness alone in the room for fifteen or twenty minutes; did not know the subject of their conversation, though Mudd said that he had private business with Booth, who wished to purchase his farm. I boarded at Surratt's up to the time of the assassination; Booth frequently called at Mr. Surratt's; he generally called for John H Surratt, and in his absence for Mrs. Surratt; these interviews were always held apart; I have been in company with Booth in the parlor with Surratt, but Booth has taken Surratt to his room up stairs, and engaged in private conversation up there; he would say, "John, can you spare me a word? come up stairs." They would go and engage in private conversation, which would last two or three hours. The same thing occurred with Mrs. Surratt; I recognize the prisoner Atzerott here present; he came to Surratt's three weeks after I formed the acquaintance of Booth; never saw him in the house with Booth; he called some ten or fifteen times; the young ladies of the house understood he came from Port Tobacco, and instead of calling him by his own name, they gave him the nickname of "Port Tobacco;" have met him on the corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue about the time that Booth played Pescara in the Apostate; Booth had given Surratt two complimentary tickets on that occasion, and they went down and met Atzerott. We told him where we were going, and he said he was going along, too, and at the theatre we met David C. Harold.

Q. Do you know Harold? A. Yes, sir. (Here Harold leaned forward, laughing, and inclined toward the witness.) We also met another gentleman there, named Holahan, who stopped in the house; we met him in the theatre, and we remained until the play was over, and the five of us went together as far as the corner of Tenth and E streets; but on turning around, Surratt noticed that Atzerott and Harold were not following, and I went and found them in the restaurant adjoining the theatre, talking confidentially with Booth; on my approaching, they separated, and we then took a drink; and there was a gentleman there whose face I remember; we left and joined the other two gentlemen, and went to another restaurant to have some oysters. Surratt stated to me that he had two horses, which he kept at Howard's stable, on G, Sixth and Seventh streets; saw Atzerott there on the day of the assassination; it was about half-past ten o'clock; he seemed to be hiring a horse; I had been sent to Mrs. Surratt to hire a buggy; when I got there I saw Atzerott, and asked him what he wanted; he said, "To hire a horse;" he asked Booth if he could have a horse, and he told him he could not; then we left, and both went as far as the Post-office; after that we went off toward Tenth street.

Q. Was this horse that was kept there Surratt's or Booth's? A. I will state that on Tuesday previous to the assassination I was also sent to the National Hotel, and to get his buggy for Mrs. Surratt; she wished me to drive her into the country; Booth sai he had sold his buggy, but he would give me ten dollars, and that I should hire a buggy for Mrs. Surratt, and spoke of horses he kept at Brooks' stables; I then said they were mine.

Booth gave me $10 and I drove him out to Surrattsville; that was on the 11th of April; we remained there only half an hour; on the day of the assassination I drove Mrs. Surratt into the country to Surrattsville; she stopped at the house of Mr. Lloyd and left about 6½ o'clock P. M.; in March I recollect a man giving himself the name of Wood calling at Mrs. Surratt's and inquiring for John H. Surratt; told him Surratt was not in; I introduced him to the family, and he then expressed a wish to see Mrs. Surratt.

Q. Do you recognize him here? Yes, sir; that is he; that's the man, Payne. He called himself Wood then.

Q. How long did he remain with Mrs Surratt? A. He stopped in the house all night, and had supper served up to him in my room. That was as near as I can recollect, it was about eight weeks previous to the assassination; I have no exact knowledge of the date. He had a black overcoat on, and a black frock coat, with grey pants, at that time. He remained till the next morning, and left in the earliest train for Baltimore; he called again in about three weeks and I again went to the door. I then showed him into the parlor, and again asked his name. That time he gave the name of Payne. He remained about three days, and represented himself to be a Baptist preacher. He said he had been in Baltimore about a week; had taken the oath of allegiance, and was going to become a good, loyal citizen.

Q. Did you hear any explanation why he said he was a Baptist minister? A. No, Mrs. Surratt said he was a queer-looking Baptist preacher. In conversation one of the ladies called him Wood, and then I recollected that on his previous visit he had given the name of Wood.

Q. How was he dressed then? A. In a complete suit of gray.

Q. Did he have any baggage? A. Yes, sir. He had a linen coat and two linen shirts.

Q. Did you observe any traces of disguise or preparations for disguise? A. One day I found a false moustache on the table in my room. I threw it into a little toilet box, and Payne searched for it, and inquired for his moustache. I was sitting on the chair and did'nt say anything. I retained it ever since. On the same day saw him and Surratt sitting on a bed in the third story playing with bowie knives; also saw with them revolvers and four sets of new spurs.

[Here the witness was shown a spur and identified it as one of those he had seen, saying: Yes, those are the spurs, three of those were in my room.]

By the Court: That is the spur found in Atzeroth's room.

[The witness was then shown the knife which had been identified by Mr. Lee as the one found in Atzeroth's room, but the witness stated that he did not recognize it, and that the knife that Hayes had on the bed was a smaller one.]

Q. They had a brace of pistols, did you say? A. They had two long navy revolvers.

[Here the witness was shown the pistol produced during Lee's examination, and said: That looks like one of them.]

Q. Was the barrel round or octagonal? A. Octagonal.

I went with Surratt on, I think, the 19th of March to the Heredon House to hire a room; he went and inquired for Mrs. Mary Murray, and when she came he had a private interview with her, but said she did not seem to comprehend, though he thought that a Miss Ward had spoken to her already on the subject, and he said to Mrs. Murray: "Miss Ward may have spoken to you about the matter of hiring the room for a delicate gentleman;" and Mr. Surratt added, "he would like to have the room by the following Monday, as the gent wants to take possession on that day." The name of the person was not mentioned at all; learnt afterwards from Atzeroth that it was Payne who was at the Heredon House; met Harold once at Surratt's in the spring of 1863; also on the occasion of the visit to the theatre when Booth played *Pescara*; these are the only times I recollect meeting him; do not know either of the prisoners, Arnold or Laughlin.

Q. What knowledge, if any, have you of Surratt's having gone to Richmond? A. About the 23d of March—no, it was the 17th—there was a woman named Slader came to the house; she went to Canada, and returned on Saturday, the 25d of March; Mr. Surratt drove her into the country about 8 o'clock in the morning, and I understood that he had gone to Richmond with Mrs. Slader; this Mrs. Slader was to meet a man named Howe, but this man was captured and could not take her.

Q. She was a blockade-runner? A. Yes, sir; or the bearer of dispatches.

Did Mrs. Surratt tell you so? A. Yes, sir.

Q. When did he return? A. He returned on the 3d of April.

Q. Do you know of his having brought any gold with him? A. Yes, he had some nine or eleven twenty dollar gold pieces, and he had some greenbacks, about fifty dollars; he gave forty dollars to Mr. Hallohan, and Mr. Hallohan gave him sixty dollars in greenbacks; he remained in the house about an hour, and told me he was going to Montreal; he asked me, however, to go and take some oysters with him, and we went down to the corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue, and took some oysters.

Q. And he left? A. Yes, he left that evening and since that time I have not seen him.

Q. Have you seen any letter from him? A. Yes, I saw a letter to his mother, dated April 12; it was received here on the 14th; I also saw another directed to Mrs. Ward; I did not see the date, but the receipt of the letter was prior to the one to his mother.

Q. Did he have any conversation with you, as he passed through about the fall of Richmond? A. Yes, he told me he didn't believe it; he said he had seen Benjamin and Davis, and they had told him that it would not be evacuated, and he seemed to be incredulous.

Q. Have you been to Canada since? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What did you there learn of Surratt? A. That he had arrived in Montreal on the 6th, and returned for the States on the 12th, returning again on the 18th and engaging rooms at the St. Lawrence Hall. He left the St. Lawrence that night at half-past ten; he was seen to leave the house of a Mr. Butterfield in company with three others, in a wagon.

Objected to, and the statement not insisted on as a part of the record.

In April Mrs. Surratt sent me to notify J. W. Booth that she wished to see him; she said it was on private business; delivered the message, and Booth said he would come to the house as soon as he could; it was on the 2nd of April she sent me; I found in Booth's room Mr. McCullom, the actor; Booth came that evening.

Q. State whether he called on the evening of the 14th of April, the day of the assassination? A. Yes, sir; about half-past two o'clock, when I was going out at the door, I met this Surratt talking to Booth.

Q. Were they alone? A. Yes, sir; they were alone in the parlor.

Q. How long was it after that when you started for the country? A. He didn't remain more than three or four minutes.

Q. And immediately after that you set out for the country? A. Yes, sir.

This examination-in-chief, like the preceding one, was conducted by General Holt, Judge-advocate for the United States.

Cross-examination by Reverdy Johnson:

Q. How long have you been living at Mrs. Surratt's? A. Since December, 1864; Mrs. Surratt, at that time, had moved to the city from the country; she had rented her farm.

Q. Did you ever live with her in the country? A. No, sir; but I had visited her.

Q. You knew her very well at that time? A. Not very well; I made her acquaintance through a son who was at school most of the time; I sometimes went there, and always experienced kindness and courtesy.

Q. What sort of a house had she in the city here? A. It contained eight rooms—six large and two small.

Q. Was she in the habit of renting rooms out? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did she furnish board as well as room? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you say that young Surratt told you in April he was going to Montreal? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you ever know him to go there before? A. No, sir; he was here in the winter of 1864 and 1865, sometimes at home, and sometimes not; during the winter of 1864, especially during November, he was in the country most of the time; his stay at home was not permanent; he was sometimes away for three or four weeks.

Q. During the winter, was he long enough away to have been in Canada without your knowing it? A. Yes, sir; he could have gone, but not returned to the house without my knowing it.

Q. Have you any knowledge that he was then in Canada? A. No, sir.

Q. Were you on intimate terms with him? A. Very intimate terms.

Q. Did he ever intimate to you any purpose to assassinate the President? A. No, sir; he stated to me, and to his sister, that he was going to Europe on a cotton speculation; he said that he had had $3,000 advanced to him by a gentleman; that he would go to Liverpool, and thence to Nassau, and from there to Matamoras, to find his brother, who was in the rebel army—in Magruder's army.

Q. Did he go to Texas before the rebellion—the brother I mean? A. I don't know; I never saw the brother.

Q. Were you in the habit of seeing young Surratt almost every day? A. Yes, sir; he would be seated at the same table; we occupied the same room; he slept with me.

Q. During the whole of that period you never heard him intimate his purpose to assassinate the President? A. No, sir. J. H. Surratt once told me he was going with Booth to be an actor, and said he was going to Richmond. He was well educated, and was a divinity student; I was a student at college with him, during that period his character was excellent. When he left he shed tears, and the superior told him he would always be remembered by those who had charge of the institution.

Q. When did you first drive into the country with Mrs. Surratt? A. The first occasion was on the 11th of April.

Q. Did she tell you what her object was in going? A. She said to see "Nothy," who owed her some money, and the interest on it for thirteen years.

Q. Is there such a man? A. Yes, sir, there is.

Q. Do you know whether she then saw him? A. When we arrived at the village Mr. Nothy was not there, and she told the bar-keeper to send a messenger for him, and he sent one. In the meantime we went to Captain Gwynne's house, remained there two hours, and took dinner. He said he would like to return with us, and he did to Surrattsville. On returning we found Nothy, and she transacted her business with him.

Q. Did you know the man? A. No.

Q. State what her purpose was in the second visit? A. She said she had received a letter in regard to this money due her by Mr. Nothy, and she stated she was compelled again to go to the country, and asked me to drive her down; and I consented.

Q. Did you see the letter? A. No, sir; she said that she had received it, and that it required her to go to Surrattsville—that's all I know.

Q. Did you go in a buggy? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Any one else go with you? A. No one but I and her went.

Q. Did she take anything with her? A. Only two packages; one with letters concerning her estate, and a smaller package about six inches in diameter. It looked like two or three saucers wrapped in brown paper. This was put in the bottom of the buggy, and taken out when we got to Surrattsville.

Q. How long did you remain? A. Till half-past six. We reached home about half-past 9 or 10.

Q. When did you hear of the assassination of the President, or the attack on Secretary Seward? A. I heard it at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning.

Q. Who came to the house within the period from your return to the time you heard of the assassination of the President? A. There was some one rung the bell, but who it was I don't know.

Q. Was the bell answered? A. Yes, sir.

Q. By whom? A. By Mrs. Surratt.

Q. Was there any one at the door? A. Yes, sir; I heard footsteps going into the parlor, and immediately going out.

Q. How long was that after you got back? A. About ten minutes; I was taking supper.

Q. That was before 10 o'clock? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then it was before the time of the assassination, which is said to have been about 10 o'clock? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Had persons been in the habit of coming for rooms to the house? A. Yes, sir; coming from the country they would stop at the house; she had many acquaintances, and they could get rooms as long as they chose. Atzerott, to my knowledge, stopped in the house but one night; did not take a room that I know of; he slept in a room on the third floor, and left the next day; don't know why Atzerott left the house; while he was there there was drinking in the house. In February there was a man there named Harland. John Surratt had returned that evening. He slept that night with Howe.

Q. Was there any drinking in the room occupied by Atzeroth? A. Yes.

Q. Was he noisy? A. No, sir.

Q. Have you any knowledge that he was told that he could stay there no longer? A. No.

Q. Did he leave there the next day? A. Yes, sir; his leaving was owing to the arrival of Surratt; he said he wanted John, and having seen him he left. I heard them afterwards say they did not care to have him brought to the house.

Q. What reason did they give for that? A. Mrs. Surratt said she did not care to have such sticks brought to the house; they were no company for her.

Q. He did not come any more? A. Not since the 2nd of April.

Q. You say you found upon your own table a false moustache; what was the color of the hair? A. It was black.

Q. Was it large? A. About medium size.

Q. This you put into your own box? A. Yes, in a toilet-box, and afterwards in a box of paints; it was found in my baggage.

Q. When he came home he seemed to be looking for it? A. Yes, he said: "Where is my moustache?"

Q. Why did you not give it to him? A. I suspected; I thought it queer.

Q. But you locked it up? A. Yes, I didn't like to have it seen in my room.

Q. But you could have got it out of your room by giving it to him when he asked for it? A. I thought no honest person had a reason to wear a false moustache; I took it and exhibited it to some clerks in the office; I put it on with a pair of specs, and was making fun with it.

Q. Can you describe to the court young Surratt's height and general appearance? A. He is about six feet; prominent forehead, and very large nose; his eyes are sunk; he has a goatee, and very long hair, black.

Q. Do you recollect how he was dressed when he said he was going away? A. He had cream colored pants, gray frock-coat, and gray vest, and had a shawl thrown over him.

Q. One of those Scotch shawls? A. One of those plaid shawls.

Q. When he returned from Richmond you say he had in his possession twenty gold ——? A. No, sir; I say nine or eleven twenty-dollar gold pieces.

Q. Did he tell you where he got them? A. No.

Q. He said he had seen Davis and Benjamin. Did you understand by Benjamin the person who acted as secretary of state for the rebel confederacy? A. All I know is he said he saw Davis and Benjamin, and that Richmond would not be evacuated.

Q. You did not ask him, nor did he voluntarily tell you, where he got that money? A. No, sir.

Q. Give the date of the letter his mother received from him since he left? A. It was dated Montreal, April 12, and was received here April 14.

Q. How did you become acquainted with the date of the letter; by the post mark? A. By the heading of the letter. The letter was written in general terms. It stated that he was much pleased with the Catholic cathedral, and that he had bought a French pea-jacket, and paid ten dollars for it; but that board was too high at St. Lawrence Hall—two dollars a day in gold—and that he would go to a private boarding-house or to the Torrent.

Q. How was the letter signed? A. John Harrison; his name is John Harison Surratt.

Q. Unusually good, but not disguised. You know it at once, didn't you? Yes, and I remarked to Mrs. Surratt, "John is improving in his writing."

Q. Do you know anything about the letter that was received by Miss Ward? A. I only know that a letter was received by her.

Q. Who is Miss Ward? A. A teacher in the school on Tenth street. I understand the letter went to her directly; do not know what it was about; merely heard Mrs. Surratt say that Miss Annie Ward had received a letter from John; have known Mrs. Surratt since the spring of 1863, and have been living in her house since last November; her conduct has been exemplary and lady-like in every particular; she is a regular attendant of the Catholic Church; have been to church with her every Sunday; she went to her duties every two weeks.

Q. Did she go in the morning? A. It was sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the evening.

Q. Was that the case all the time you knew her? A. Yes, sir.

Q. If I understand you, then, she was apparently discharging all her duties to God and to man? A. Yes, sir.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson here said, "I am done, sir;" and rising, left the court-room, and the cross-examination of the witness was resumed by other counsel.

Witness—Dr. Mudd introduced Booth to myself and Surratt on the 15th of January, I think; could fix the date exactly if the register of the Pennsylvania House could be had; Dr. Mudd had his room there at that time; I am sure it was before February 1st and after January 1st, from a letter I received about January 6th, and from a visit I made; then, again, it was immediately after the recess of Congress, and the room of Booth had been previously occupied by a member of Congress; and Booth pulled down some congressional documents and remarked what good reading he would have when left to himself.

Q. You are certain it was after the Congressional holiday of the occasion, and have no other means of knowing? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ever have any means of knowing it was after Christmas? A. Merely that it was after the congressional holiday.

Q. Well, who said anything about the member not having returned? A. Booth did.

Q. Do you know who the member was? A. No.

Q. How did you know that pretty much all the other members had returned? A. Because Congress was in session at the time.

Q. How do you happen to recollect that Congress was in session at the time? A. Well, mostly by Booth taking down the documents, and saying what good reading he would have when left to himself.

Q. Was it the first day of Booth's arrival in the city? A. It was the first day of his taking possession of that room.

Q. Do you recollect that it was after the congressional holiday as distinctly as any part of the conversation that took place? A. I don't recollect that fact as distinctly as I do the conversation about the purchase of the farm.

Q. Have you any memoranda of your own that will enable you to fix the date? A. The date could probably be fixed by the register at the Pennsylvania House.

Q. On what street was it that you met Mudd? A. On Seventh street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

Q. What did Mudd say in explanation of the introduction? A. Nothing that I can remember. Surratt introduced me to him, and he introduced Booth and both of us.

Q. Which introduction came first? A. That of Mudd by Surratt to me.

Q. And did Booth immediately invite you all to his room? A. Yes.

Q. What was said while you were going to the room? Nothing that I know.

Q. Did he give any reason for wishing you to go? A. No. In going down Seventh street, Surratt took Mudd's arm, and I took that of Booth.

Q. And you went directly to Booth's room; and how long in all did you stay there? A. That I cannot say exactly.

Q. You say Mudd wrote something on a piece of paper? A. I said Booth traced lines on the back of an envelope, and that Surratt and Mudd were looking at it, and they were engaged in deep private conversation, scarcely audible.

Q. Were you in the room all that time? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was the conversation in part audible? A. It was an indistinct murmur.

Q. You heard none of it? A. No.

Q. Who went out the door—did Mudd go first? A. Booth went first.

Q. Are you sure? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long were they out together? A. As near as I can judge not more than five or eight minutes. They went into the passage that leads past the door; by their movements I judged they stood outside, as I did not hear any retreating footsteps; Surratt went out with them; am certain that Booth was with them when they went out the second time; Mudd said nothing as to how he came to introduce Booth to Surratt; Mudd apologised to me for the privacy of the conversation, and said that Booth wanted to purchase his farm; but that he would not give a sufficiently high price, and he did not care about selling it. I never saw Mudd before; had heard the name mentioned in the house, but whether it was this particular Samuel Mudd I cannot say; did not hear the name mentioned in connection with any visit to the house; I don't know whether he visited the house during the time I was there; Mrs. Surratt formerly lived at Surrattsville.

Q. Do you know whether it was on the road leading to Mudd's house? A. There were several ways of arriving at Mudd's house; one called the Port Tobacco road, out by Piscataway.

Q. How far is Mudd's house from the city? A. I don't know.

Q. How far is Surrattsville? A. About ten miles from the navy bridge.

Q. Did you ever hear his name mentioned in the family? A. Yes; I heard the name of Mudd—Dr. Samuel Mudd—only once, I think.

Q. After Booth, Surratt, and Mudd returned from the passage outside, how long did you remain together? That I don't know, sir.

Q. About how long? Probably twenty minutes.

Q. And then where did you all go? We left the hotel and went to the Pennsylvania House, where Dr. Mudd had rooms, and Mudd went into the sitting-room and sat down with me; talked about the war, and expressed the opinion that the war would soon come to an end, and spoke like a Union man. Booth was speaking with Surratt. Booth left, and bade us good night and went out; then Surratt and I went out. Dr. Mudd remained there; but left next morning. He said he was going to leave; whether he did or not, I cannot say.

Q. Was Booth talking when drawing those lines? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And Mudd and Surratt were attending? A. Yes, sir; all three sat around the table looking at what Booth was marking.

Q. Are you sure they were looking at what was drawing, or simply attending to what was saying. A. They looked beyond Booth; their eyes on the envelope.

Q. How near were you to them? A. As I stated, about as near as the gentleman over there (pointing to Judge Holt), perhaps eight feet distant. I saw Harold in the summer of 1864 at Mrs. Surratt's, Surrattsville.

It was at the time of the election of county officers; a band had gone down to serenade the officers who had been elected, and on returning they serenaded us; I also saw him in July at Piscataway Church, and also the time at the theater. When we left the theatre, five of us left together, and when we came to the corner of Tenth and E. streets we turned round, at least Surratt did—and saw the other two were not following, and he told me to go back and find them; I went back and found them in close conversation with Booth. I met them at the restaurant, and on my approaching them, Booth asked me to take a drink. Booth introduced a man whose name I do not remember, but whose face is familiar to me. I took a drink; they were standing together around the stove when I approached them; there was no fire in the stove—it was a very pleasant evening. Harold, Atzeroth and I left together, and the others took Surratt on Seventh street. He invited us to take some oysters, but Harold went down Seventh street. I dont know the precise spot where Harold lived.

Q. You remarked, sir, that sometimes when you were in company with Mrs. Surratt a party will call to see her. Do you remember Mrs. Surratt sending a request to have a private conversation with Booth? A. On the second of April she sent me the to hotel, and told me to tell him that she would like to see him on some private business.

Q. In reference to that ten dollars given you by Booth to obtain the buggy? A. I thought it an act of friendship; Booth had been in the habit of keeping a buggy and had promised to let Mrs. Surratt have the loan of it; and when he went for it, he said: "Here is ten dollars, go and hire one." Went to Montreal on the Monday after the assassination—April 18th; I went to seek Surratt; I did not find him.

Q. You spoke of going to Montreal; what time was that? A. On the 18th of April, the Monday after the assassination.

Q. What business had you there? A. I was seeking Surratt.

Q. Did you find him? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ever see Mrs. Surratt leave the parlor to have a private interview with Booth? A. Frequently she would go into the passage and talk with him.

Q. How much time did these interviews generally occupy? A. Generally not more than five or eight minutes.

Q. Well, sir, by any conversation with her, were you ever led to believe that she was in secret conspiracy with Booth or any of his confederates?

[Here it was remarked by a member of the court that the witness had better confine himself to a statement of facts, and the question was waived by the cross-examining counsel. It was also stated here by the court that it was a rule in the examination of witnesses that each one should be examined by one judge-advocate, and by only one counsel for each prisoner.]

Witness continued: The only business I transacted for Mrs. Surratt was the writing of a letter to Mr. Nothy. It was, "Mr. Nothy—Sir: Unless you come forward and pay that bill at once, I will bring a suit against you immediately." I also figured up for the interest on $439 for thirteen years.

Q. Do you know of any interview between Atzerott and Surratt? A. I have been there frequently at interviews with Surratt in the parlor. I do not know what then passed.

Q. Do you know of any between Payne and Atzerott? A. Yes; on the occasion of Payne's last visit to the house, Atzerott came to see Surratt once, and they were in my room.

Q. Do you know of any conversation in reference to the assignment of Atzerott to the assassination of the Vice President? A. No, sir.

Q. Have you ever heard any conversation having reference to Payne's assignment to the murder of the Secretary of State? A. No, sir.

Q. Now, you say that at 2½ o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of April, you saw Atzerott at a livery stable? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Trying to get a horse, did he say what he was going to do with the horse? He said he was going to take a pleasure ride into the country.

Q. Do you know whether he succeeded in getting one that day? A. No, sir; I parted with him immediately after; at the post-office. I dropped a letter there and came back to the stable; that was the last interview I had with him till after the assassination.

Q. Where did you see him again? A. In the dock there.

Q. To day? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You say you recognized that spur as having been seen by you on the bed of Payne at the house of Mrs. Surratt. What makes you recognize it? What marks are there that distinguish it from spurs in general? A. I had them in my hand.

Q. Was it the same with the knife? I understand you to swear you saw the knife there? A. No, no; not that knife.

Q. On the 14th of April, do you know where Payne was stopping, do you know anything about Payne on that day? A. Yes, sir; I remember that Surratt and I went, and I asked him where he was going, and he said he was going to get a horse for Payne.

Q. But where was Payne? A. I don't know; I only saw him on those two occasions.

Q. Where then was Atzerott stopping? A. I don't know.

Q. Didn't he speak of the place where Payne was stopping? No, sir.

When Payne paid a visit at Surratt's and stopped only over night, he appeared to have business with Mrs. Surratt.

Q. Did he have any other dress going to show that he wanted to conceal himself that you saw? A. No, sir.

Q. Have you seen Payne since the assassination until to-day? A. No, sir; I believe not.

Q. Was he received by Mrs. Surratt as an intimate friend? A. He was, by Mrs. Surratt; he was treated as an old acquaintance on his first visit.

Q. Now, you say he represented himself to be a Baptist minister; did they regard him as a man in disguise or a minister? A. One of the young ladies remarked that he was a queer-looking Baptist minister; that he couldn't convert many souls.

Q. Did you ever see Payne and Atzerott in company? A. Yes, Atzerott was at the house on the occasion of Payne's last visit.

Q. Were you, or not, at Mrs. Surratt's when Payne was arrested? A. No, sir.

Q. Were you in the house at three o'clock on Saturday morning when the officers took possession? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was Payne not there then? A. No, sir.

Q. I would like to know what professional employment you are in? A. A clerk in the office of the commissary-general of prisoners since January 9, 1864.

TESTIMONY OF ROBERT R. JONES.

The next witness examined was Robert R. Jones, who testified that he was clerk in the Kirkwood House, and identified a page produced as one taken from the register of that hotel, and bearing upon it the name, "A. G. Atzerott." Witness presumed from the entry that Atzerott took a room at the hotel on April 14th, about 8 A. M. (Witness then stated that he thought the prisoner Atzerott, who was directed to stand up, to be the man in question.) Witness next saw him between 12 M. and 1 P. M. that day. The number of the room was 126. I don't know that Booth called that day and inquired the number of Vice-President Johnson's room. I gave Booth's card to Colonel Browning, Vice-President Johnson's Secretary. I think I did not receive it from himself; although I may have. I have not seen the prisoner Atzerott till now. I was not present when the room 126 was opened, but went up with Mr. Lee after it was opened. A young man spoke to Atzerott that day when I saw him at the office counter. I did not see anybody go to the room with him. I don't think I would know Booth. He has been at the house, but don't think I recollect him.

Q. Were you present when that bowie-knife was taken from the bed. A. Yes, sir; it was under the sheet.

Q. On that day was that? A. The day after the murder of the President or the the evening after.

Q. Had the bed been occupied? No, sir; the chambermaid had not been there.

Q. Was Atzerott out the night of the assassination? A. Not that I know of; it was between 12 and 1 o'clock that I saw him; he asked if any one had inquired for him.

Q. This was the 14th day of April? A. Yes, sir.

Q. He paid one day in advance for his room? A. Yes, sir; so it appears on the books.

Q. He had never been in the hotel before to your knowledge? A. I had never seen him there before, sir.

In the course of the cross-examination of this witness (which was uninteresting,) he stated he saw the different articles found in the pockets of the coat supposed to be Atzerott's; he did think he could identify the particular pistol then found, but deposed that it was a large pistol, such as cavalry horsemen wear; it was a round, single barrel pistol, with chambers, and was loaded; could recognize the book with the inscription J. Wilkes Booth on the outside; the knife found was a sheath knife like the one produced in court, but witness could not swear to the identity of it.

TESTIMONY OF MR. LLOYD.

The next witness, Mr. Lloyd, gave the following important evidence, viz:

Q. Where do you reside? A. At Surrattsville.

Q. Are you acquainted with John H. Surratt? A. Yes, since the first of December; not much previous to that. Q. Do you know the prisoner Harold? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know the prisoner Atzerott? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you state, Mr. Lloyd, whether or not some five or six weeks before the assassination of the President any or all of these men came to your house? A. They were there, sir.

Q. All three, sir? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What were they doing in your house? A. Atzeroth came first and went on to "T. B;" was gone about half an hour, and the three of them returned; Surratt, Harold, and Atzeroth; I noticed nothing with them until all of them came, when John Surratt called me into the front parlor; then on the sofa I saw two carbines and some ammunition.

Q. Anything else? A. A rope.

Q. How long? A. Sixteen or twenty feet.

Q. Were the articles left at your house? A. Yes; Surratt asked me to take care of them, and I told him I didn't like to have those things in the house. He then carried me into a room I had never been into before, and showed me where I could place them under a joice.

Q. Were they concealed there? A. Yes, sir; I put them there myself.

Q. How much ammunition was there? A. Just one cartridge-box.

Q. What kind of a carbine? A. I didn't examine them; they had covers on them.

Q. State whether on the Monday preceding Mrs. Surratt came to your house? A. I met Mrs. Surratt on the Monday previous to the assassination; when she first broached the subject to me, I did not understand her; she asked about the shooting irons or something of that kind, to draw my attention to these things; I had almost forgotten they were there, and I told her they were hidden away; she said they would be wanted soon; I don't recollect the question she put to me; she only referred to it in a manner, but finally came out, and they would be wanted soon.

Q. Now, will you state, whether on the evening or day, on which the President was assassinated, Mrs. Surratt did not come to your house? A. Yes; I was out attending a trial, and found her there when I came back. I judge it was about 5 o'clock. I met her at the wood-pile, and she told me to have them shooting irons ready that night, and said there would be some parties call for them that night. She gave me something in a piece of paper to keep for her, and found it was a field glass; she asked me also to have two bottles of whiskey ready, saying they would be called for that night.

Q. And were they called for by Booth and Harold that night? A. They both came, Booth and Harold; they took their whiskey out of the bottles; Booth didn't come in, but Harold did; it was not over a quarter after twelve o'clock; Booth was a stranger to me; Harold came in, and took the whiskey, but I don't think he asked for; he said to me, get me those things.

Q. Did he say to you what these things were? A. No; but he was apprised that I already know they were coming for them; I made no reply, but went and got them; I gave him the articles, with the field glass and a monkey wrench.

Q. She told you to give him the whiskey, the carbines and the field glass? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long did they remain at your house? A. Not over five minutes.

Q. Did they take both the carbines, or only one? A. Only one; Booth said he could not take his because his leg was broken.

Q. Did he drink also? A. Yes, while sitting on the porch.

Q. Harold carried the bottle out to him? A. Yes.

Q. Did they say anything about the assassination? A. As they were about leaving, Booth said, "I will tell you some news: I am pretty certain we have assassinated the President and Secretary Seward."

Q. Was that in Harold's presence? A. I am not certain; I became so excited that I am not certain.

Q. At what hour was the news of the President's assassination afterwards received by you? A. I suppose it was about 9 o'clock.

Q. As the news spread, was it spoken that Booth was the assassin? A. I think it was [illegible] general occasions.

Q. Did you see the prisoner, Dr. Mudd, there? A. I never saw him before; I am [illegible] with him at all.

Q. What was the exact language used when asked for those things? A. For God's sake make haste and get those things.

On cross-examination he testified as follows: I rented the house about the 1st of last December; there was a broken double-barrelled gun there when I commenced the occupancy of the premises; I keep a bar there.

Q. Detail the conversation you had with Mrs. Surratt on the two last times you saw her? A. It was out of Uniontown; we had passed each other; I stopped and saw it was her and got out and went to her buggy; and she spoke to me in a manner, trying to draw attention to those things—the carbines; but she finally came out plainer; though I am not quite positive, I think she said shooting-irons.

Q. Can you swear, Mr. Lloyd, on your oath, that she mentioned "shooting-irons" at all? A. I am fully positive she did on both occasions, and I know she did on the last.

Q. At what time Friday did you meet Mrs. Surratt? A. I didn't meet her on Friday at all; I was out, and when I returned home I found her there.

Q. How long did she remain after you returned? A. Not over ten minutes.

Q. Now state the conversation between you and her during those ten minutes. A. The first thing she said was: "Talk about the devil and one of his imps will appear;" then she said: 'Mr. Lloyd, I want you to have those shooting-irons ready; some parties will call for them to-night;' she gave me a bundle, but I did not undo it until I got up-stairs, and found it was a field-glass.

Q. At what time of day had you this conversation with Mrs. Surratt? A. I judge it was five o'clock; it might have been later; she told me to have those shooting-irons ready, and carried them and the other things into the house; that is all the conversation I had with her in reference to that; I went into the barn, and she requested me to fix her buggy; the spring had become detached from the axle; Mrs. Offett, my sister-in-law, was present during this interview; it was in the yard; I suppose she was within hearing distance.

Q. When did you first have occasion to recollect these conversations? A. When I gave all the particulars to Colonel Burnett, the Saturday week following.

Q. Was that the first time you detailed these conversations? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you relate any of the circumstances to any other person? A. Only to Lieutenant Lovett and Captain Cunningham; I told them it was through the Surratts that I got myself into difficulty; and if they had not brought those arms to the house, I would not have been in any difficulty at all.

Q. Did you talk to Mrs. Offett about it? A. I don't think I did; I am not so positive about that.

Q. How soon after Booth and Harold left did you learn positively of the assassination of the President? A. I got it from them.

Q. How soon after did you get it from other parties? A. About eight or nine o'clock next morning.

Q. Did you have any conversation with the soldiers in regard to it? A. No.

Q. Did you tell them about Booth and Harold being at your place? A. I did not, and I am sorry that I didn't.

Q. Did Mrs. Surratt have any conversation with you in regard to any conspiracy? A. Never, sir.

Q. Did Mrs. Surratt hand anything to you when she spoke about "them shooting irons?" A. Yes, sir; a field-glass.

Q. Have you any family? A. I have a wife.

Q. Have you any son? A. No, sir.

Q. Does any person work for you? A. Yes, sir; a couple of colored men.

Q. Were any of them present at the conversation between Mrs. Surratt and you? A. No, sir.

Q. Was the package handed you by Mrs. Surratt's own hand? A. Yes, by herself.

Q. Where were you standing when she handed it to you? A. Near the wood-pile.

At this stage of the proceedings other counsel continued the cross-examination, without however eliciting anything tending to shake the testimony of the witness. In the course of his evidence Mr. Lloyd testified that Atzerott, in company with Harold and Surratt, came to his place some five or six weeks before the assassinations. Atzerott had been to his house before. He never delivered anything to witness. The latter did not know his name, and used to call him "stranger." Had not seen him since the assassination, until that day in the dock. Did not know the prisoner Arnold.

The further evidence on cross-examination was substantially a repetition of what is given above.

The Court adjourned to ten o'clock on Monday morning.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1865.

Mr. Johnson, the senior counsel of Mrs Surratt, this morning, when the whole of the testimony rendered by Mr. Weichman had been read from the records, applied to be permitted to ask of him some questions.

Objections were made by the Judge Advocate General and other members of the court; but, however, it was finally decided that Mr. Johnson might proceed with his cross-examination.

Mr. Weichman having been recalled to the stand on cross-examination, he testified to the following effect, viz:

Q. I understood you to say on Saturday, that you went with Mrs. Surratt the first time on the Tuesday before the assassination in a buggy with her. Do you recollect whether you stopped on the way to Surrattsville? A. Yes, sir. She stopped on two or three occasions. I do not know the particular point, whether it was Uniontown or not. She stopped on the road—at no particular village that I remember. I have met Mr. Lloyd three times. I know him as the man that rented Mrs. Surratt's house from her, because I copied off the instrument.

Q. Do you recollect seeing him buy a buggy, on the way from Washington to Surrattsville, on Tuesday? A. Yes, sir; we met his carriage; it drove past us; Mrs. Surratt called to Mr. Lloyd; Mr. Lloyd got out and approached the buggy; Mrs. Surratt put her head out, and had a conversation with him.

Q. Did you hear it? A. No, sir. I heard nothing mentioned about shooting irons; Mrs. Surratt spoke to Mrs. Offett about having this man Howell take the oath of allegiance and get released, and she said she was going to apply to Gen. Augur or Judge Turner for that purpose. The interview between Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. Surratt, on that occasion, I do not think was of more than five or eight minutes duration.

Witness to Judge-advocate Holt: I did not hear the conversation between Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. Surratt.

To Mr. R. Johnson: I do not think it was raining at that particular time; it was a cloudy, murky day.

The court took a recess, and upon reassembling Mr. John M. Lloyd was recalled to the stand to render some supplementary testimony. His additional statement was to the effect that he was unable to positively identify the carbines heretofore spoken of, and that he was "somewhat in liquor" when Mrs. Surratt gave him the bundle up stairs, as before mentioned.

TESTIMONY OF MARY VAN TINE.

Examined by Judge Holt: Q. Do you reside in the City of Washington? A. I do; at No. 240 G street.

Q. Do you keep rooms for rent? A. I do.

Q. Will you look at the prisoners at the bar and state whether, in the month of February last, you saw any of them, and, if so, which? A. Two of those gentlemen had rooms at my house Arnold, and O'Laughlin.

Q. What time in February did they take rooms in your house? A. As near as I can recollect, it was on the 10th.

Q. Did you know J. Wilkes Booth in his lifetime? A. I knew him by his coming to my house to see gentlemen who had rooms there.

Q. Did he or not come very often to see the prisoners O'Laughlin and Holt? A. Yes, frequently.

Q. Would he remain for a good while? A. As a general thing, he would go into their room, and I could see nothing further of him.

Q. Did the prisoners leave the city and return several times? A. They left on Saturday to go to their homes, as I understood, in Baltimore.

Q. Do you know whether Booth accompanied them or not? A. I think not.

Q. Were these interviews between Booth and them alone, or was Booth accompanied by others? A. I never saw any one with him.

Q. They told you his name was J. Wilkes Booth, did they? A. Yes, Arnold, did; I inquired who he was, and he said J. Wilkes Booth. Frequently when they were away he would call three or four times before they returned; he would seem very anxious to see them. Sometimes he would request if they came before he called again to say they would find him at the stable; sometimes he would go into their room and write a note.

Q. Look at the photograph now shown you and say if you recognize it as the man you call Booth? A. I cannot see without my glasses (glasses were brought in and handed the witness); I should call it a good likeness; I recognize it as Booth, but it is a very poor likeness.

Q. Did there seem to be any difference in the intimacy of his association with these two men? If so with which was he the most intimate? A. I cannot say; he would sometimes inquire for one and sometimes for the other; though I think he more frequently for O'Loughlin. I once saw a pistol in their room; saw a laboring man or mechanic, with them once; thinks he passed the night with them from his coming out early in the morning; this man's hair was as if exposed to the weather; I do not recognize him among the prisoners at the bar. The parties already named, said they were in the oil business; they did not receive many letters; the letters were brought in and laid down; some times the letters were addressed to O'Laughlin and sometimes to Arnold. Booth did not come there frequently at night; I do not know that I ever saw him there at night. I do not think I ever saw Booth ride out with those men in a carriage or together.

The witness was cross-examined, and the following was elicited, viz:

Witness: The prisoners referred to were in the oil business, they said; I think they had been at my house two or three weeks; when they left they said they were removing to Pennsylvania; they said nothing about leaving the oil regions that I recollect; they were not in their room a great deal; sometimes they were out at night; they left the Monday after Booth played *Pescara*.

Q. You cannot speak with certainty of anybody being with them besides Booth? A. No, not anybody that I know; others may have gone into this room; I could not say in regard to that.

Q. I ask you whether Booth's visits were most frequent in February, or the latter part of the time they were there in March? A. I think they were pretty much the same all through the time they were there; he was a pretty constant visitor.

The witness further stated that she was never present at any of the conversations between the parties named, nor overheard any of them.

TESTIMONY OF HENRY WILLIAMS, COLORED.

Q. State to the Court whether you are acquainted with the prisoners O'Loughlin and Arnold; look and see if you remember to have seen them before. A. I know Mr. O'Louglin, but not Mr. Arnold.

Q. Did you ever meet Mr. O'Loughlin, and if so where? A. In Baltimore.

Q. When was that? A. In March last; I carried a letter to him.

Q. From whom did you carry the letter to him? A. From Mr. Booth.

Q. John Wilkes Booth, the actor? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you carry the letters to him alone, or to him and Arnold? A. I carried one to Arnold, and gave it to a lady and she said she would give it to him.

Mr. Coxe remarked that unless this question was to be followed up he would object to it. The objection of the counsel was over-ruled, and the examination proceeded with.

Q. So you delivered it at the boarding house of O'Loughlin—did he tell you where O'Loughlin lived? A. He said on Exeter street.

Q. But did you carry the letter to Arnold? A. No, sir; I carried one up there to the house; I did not know who it was for myself.

Q. Who from? A. Mr. Booth gave it to me; he just called me, and asked me if I would take a letter down there; I did not know for whom it was; he just told me to carry it up to the number that was on the letter.

Q. You carried more than one? A. Two.

Q. To whom did you deliver the second? A. To Mr. O'Loughlin.

Q. Do you know for whom it was? A. He told me it was for Mr. O'Loughlin.

Q. For whom did O'Loughlin say the letter was? A. Well, I said here is a letter Mr. Booth gave me for you, and that was all.

Q. Booth told you, then, this letter was for O'Loughlin?

Mr. Cox here remarked again: I must object to this evidence, as it is not followed up as to what he did after the receipt of the letter.

The Judge Advocate General remarked that the object was simply to show the intimacy of these men by their correspondence.

Mr. Cox said he objected to any evidence of Booth's sending a letter to any individual. It was simply an act of Booth's own, to which the defendant was not privy.

The Judge Advocate General then said that they did not offer the letter in evidence at all, but chiefly their correspondence with each other.

The objection was finally entered upon the record but overruled by the court.

Q. When did I understand you to say this letter was carried? A. It was in March, about the middle of the month; I was coming along the rear of the mineral water store, and he said, could'nt I take a note for him and he would pay me? I asked him where, and he said in Fayette street.

Q. You said something about the theatre; what theatre? A. The Holliday street Theatre.

Q. You say you found O'Loughlin in the theatre; what part of the theatre? A. In the dress circle in the afternoon.

Q. How did you find him? A. I went up with Pitch and found him there.

Q. All you know about it is that you just gave the note to him and came away? A. Yes, sir.

TESTIMONY OF J. P. EARLY.

In reply to a question whether he knew the prisoner, O'Loughlin and Arnold, the witness said he knew O'Loughlin and came on the cars with him from Baltimore to Washington city on Thursday, the day previous to the assassination. The witness did not know that Arnold was on the cars. The night of Thursday aforesaid was the time placed for the illumination in Washington.

Q. Do you know where O'Loughlin went to stay after you arrived? A. There were four of us when we stopped to get shaved, between Third and Four and a half streets. There he asked me to walk as far as the National Hotel with them.

Q. Did you see O'Loughlin during that day? A. I was with him the greater part of the day.

Q. Where? A. We slept at the Metropolitan that night, and went to Welch's and had breakfast for four; as we were passing the Metropolitan I stopped to go to the water-closet; when I came out I met Mr. Anderson, who said he was waiting for O'Loughlin who had gone up stairs to see Booth; we waited three-quarters of an hour, and, he not coming down, we went out.

Q. When did you see him again? A. About 4 o'clock.

Q. What time did he go to see Booth? A. I should say it was about noon perhaps.

Q. What was the latest hour at which you saw him on Friday? A. I don't recollect exactly; I had been drinking considerably, but I distinctly recollect I saw him come out of a restaurant pretty late: I can't say whether it was after the assassination or not.

Q. Can you give the name of the restaurant. A. I believe the name at present is Lee Shore.

Q. Did you see him at the time or immediately after you heard of the assassination of the President? A. I can't say I did; I went to bed shortly after that; I think I distinctly recollect his coming out with Fowler, who was once in the employ of O'Loughlin and Brother.

Q. Did O'Loughlin go to Baltimore the next day? A. Yes, on the 3 or 3½ o'clock train.

Q. Where did he go to in Baltimore? A. Well, after we arrived we went down Baltimore street as far as High, down to Fayette; and from there we went and asked to see a gentleman's wife, who was lying here sick in Washington; and then we came down and went to O'Loughlin's; going down we met his brother on the way, who told O'Loughlin there had been parties looking for him; he asked me if I would wait, and then asked me in; he then went up, and said he was not going to stay home that night.

Q. Did he show much excitement about the assassination? A. I can't say he did; but his brother said they would be after him on account of his intimacy with Booth.

On the cross-examination, the witness said his object in coming to Washington was "to have a little good time and see the illumination." At the National Hotel, where O'Loughlin was said to be with Booth in his room, the witness and those with him waited three-quarters of an hour for O'Loughlin to come down, and then left without seeing him. A great variety of other questions were put to this witness on the cross-examination, but without eliciting anything of interest, when finally, in reference to the return of the party to Baltimore, the following questions were asked:

Q. You say you met his brother, and he said parties had been looking for him? A. Yes; I remember the remark he made; he would not like to be arrested in his house, that it would be the death of his mother; his brother-in-law went with us to the corner of Fayette and Exeter streets; we stopped there and had a conversation; I told him he had better stay home, and that those parties would probably come again; he said no; it would be the death of his mother, and asked me to go up town with him; and I went up; but don't recollect the name of the street; we got into the cars, and when I got out I returned home.

TESTIMONY OF LIEUT. HENDERSON.

Q. State whether you are acquainted with the prisoner O'Loughlin? Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see him in this city on Friday, April 14? A. Yes, sir; on Thursday and Friday.

Q. Do you know whether on either of those days he visited Booth? A. He told me on Friday he was to see him in the morning.

CROSS-EXAMINATION BY MR. COX.

Q. Did he tell you he was to see him, or that he went to see him? A. He said he was to see him on Friday.

Q. As if he had an engagement to see him? A. He only said he was to see him; I can't say whether he has made an engagement or not.

Q. Did he tell you what for? A. No, sir.

Q. That is all you know about it? A. That is all, sir.

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL H. J. STREGG.

Q. Explain to the Court how long you have known O'Loughlin. A. I have known him for years.

Q. Did you see him in the month of April last before the assassination? A. I can't be positive about its being April; but it was well on to the first of April.

Q. Did you see him with Booth? A. I did.

Q. Did the association between them seem to be of an intimate nature? A. It did.

Q. Did you see them converse in an intimate manner? A. I did.

Q. Where was that? A. I don't know the house; it was on the right hand side of the avenue as you go up to the Treasury Department.

Q. Inside? A. No, outside.

(Continuation next Week.)

THE REBEL CHIEF, JEFF. DAVIS, IN PETTICOATS.

His Capture in Southern Georgia.

HE FLIES TO THE WOODS AND FLOURISHES A BOWIE KNIFE.

A Colt's Persuador Induces Him to Resignation.

Last Saturday morning a brief despatch from Gen. Wilson, commander of Union cavalry in Georgia, announced the capture of Jeff. Davis, with all his private and military family, including Postmaster-General Reagan, on the Wednesday previous, the 10th inst. Other confirmatory despatches followed, among which is the one we give below narrating further details of the capture:

MACON, Ga., May 13—9:30 A. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Lieutenant Colonel Harden, commanding the First Wisconsin, has just arrived from Irwinsville. He struck the trail of Davis at Dublin, Lawrence county, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely night and day through the pine wilderness of Alligator creek and Green swamp via. Cumberland to Irwinsville.

At Cumberlandsville Colonel Harding met Colonel Pritchard with one hundred and fifty picked men and horses of the Fourth Michigan.

Harden followed the trail directly south, while Pritchard having fresh horses pushed down the Ocmulgee toward Hapewell, and thence by House creek to Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight on the 9th. Jeff Davis had not arrived.

From a citizen, Pritchard learned that his party were encamped two miles out of the town. He made dispositions of his men and surrounded the camp before day.

Harden had camped at 9 A. M. within two miles, as he afterwards learned, from Davis.

The trail being too indistinct to follow he pushed on at three o'clock, and had gone but little more than one mile when his advance was fired upon by men of the Fourth Michigan.

A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered.

The firing in this skirmish was the first warning that Davis received.

The captors report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started for the woods closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots, while he was running they suspected his sex at once.

The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie-knife and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasions of Colt's revolvers, without compelling the men to fire.

He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he had believed our government more magnanimous than to hunt down women and children.

Mrs. Davis remarked to Colonel Harden after the excitement was over that the men had better not provoke the President or "he might hurt some of 'em."

Reagan behaves himself with dignity and resignation.

The party evidently were making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON, Brevet Major-General.

Special Notices.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—A Grand Spectacular Drama, entitled "The Prophet," founded on Meyerbeer's great work, "Le Prophete," is the novelty at this establishment the present week. It is produced with new scenery, costumes and appointments, and from the care and expense lavished upon it, will prove overwhelmingly popular. It is performed every afternoon and evening. The Boone Family Combination appear every morning at 11. The usual attraction of animate and inanimate curiosities are offered.

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1025-1037.

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$1,641,500
"Soldiers' Bounty Fund Bonds No. 2,"
OF THE
COUNTY OF NEW YORK,
PAYABLE JUNE 1, 1865.

Notice is hereby given that the "Soldiers' Bounty Fund Bonds No. 2," of the County of New York, becoming due and payable June 1, 1865, with the interest thereon, will be paid on that day, on the presentation of said Bonds at this office.

PROPOSALS FOR A LOAN
OF
$1,641,500
OF
"Soldiers' Bounty Fund Redemption Bonds No. 2,"
OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office, until Tuesday, May 23, 1865, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when the same will be publicly opened for the whole or any part of the sum of one million six hundred and forty-one thousand five hundred dollars of "Soldiers' Bounty Fund Redemption Bonds, No. 2," of the county of New York, authorized by Chapter 17 of the Laws of 1865, and by an ordinance of the Board of Supervisors, approved by the Mayor, May 3, 1865.

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The proposals will state the amount of bonds desired and the price per one hundred dollars thereof, and the persons whose proposals are accepted will thereupon be required to deposit with the County Treasurer (at the Broadway Bank), on Thursday, the first day of June, 1865, the sums awarded to them respectively.

On presenting to the Comptroller the receipts of the County Treasurer for such deposits, the parties will be entitled to receive bonds for equal amounts of the par value of the sums awarded to them, bearing interest from June 1, 1865.

Each proposal should be sealed and indorsed "Proposals for Soldiers' Bounty Fund Redemption Bonds No. 2," and enclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller.

The right is reserved to reject any or all of the bids, if considered necessary to protect or promote the interests of the County.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller.
CITY OF NEW YORK—DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, May 3, 1865. 1029

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Foreign Criminal News.

THE ROAD MURDER.

Confession and Surrender of Constance Kent.

On Tuesday afternoon at the Bow street Police Court an intimation was received by the chief magistrate, Sir Thomas Henry, that Miss Constance Kent, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Wagner of St. Paul's, Brighton, was on her way to London for the purpose of surrendering herself on the charge of murder. Shortly afterwards they attended at the court and were shown into the chief magistrate's room. Miss Kent was attired in deep mourning, and wore a thick fall, which almost screened her face from view. She is slender, and much taller than she appeared to be when in the custody of the officers. She spoke firmly, though sadly, and occupied a seat during the inquiry. She was attended by the "Lady Superior" of St. Mary's, Brighton, in which establishment she had been living during the last two years.

Sir Thomas Henry addressed Miss Kent as follows: Am I to understand that you give yourself up of your own free act and will?

Miss Kent: Yes, sir.

Sir T. Henry: Anything you say will be written down and may be used in evidence against you.

Miss Kent: Yes, sir.

Sir T. Henry: Is this paper now produced in your own handwriting, and written of your own accord and will?

Miss Kent: It is, sir.

Sir T. Henry: Then let the charge be entered in her own words.

Inspector Avery entered the charge as follows: Constance Emilie Kent, 2, Queen-square, Brighton, charged upon her own confession with having, alone and unaided, on the night of the 29th of June, 1806, murdered, at Roadhill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent."

Mr. Burnaby (the chief clerk) inquired whether the prisoner spelt her name Emilie or Emily?

Miss Kent: It is indifferent. I sometimes spell it one way, and sometimes the other.

Mr. Burnaby: I see it is spelt Emilie on this paper which you say is in your handwriting.

Miss Kent: Yes, sir.

Sir T. Henry: Have you any objection to sign that? I must remind you that this is the most serious offence that can be committed. Let me again remind you that anything you say or write may be used against you at your trial. I have had copied on that charge-sheet what you have written. I do not wish you to sign it unless you like.

Miss Kent: I will do so if necessary.

Sir T. Henry: No, it is not absolutely necessary. There is no occasion unless you wish. I will have that paper attached to the depositions. Then I may take it down that you come entirely of your proper act, and without any inducement, to give yourself up?

Miss Kent: Yes.

The Rev. Arthur Douglas Wagner was then called and sworn: I am a clerk in holy orders, and perpetual curate to St. Paul's Church, Brighton, which is a chapel of ease to the parish church. I have known Constance Kent nearly two years. It was in the summer of 1853.

Miss Kent: In August.

Mr. Wagner: An English family wrote to me asking for her admission to St. Mary's Home, as she had no home, or there was some difficulty. St. Mary's Home, or Hospital as it is now called, is attached to St. Mary's Church, and is a house for religious ladies. She came to me there about that time, and has resided there ever since.

Sir T. Henry: Now, Mr. Wagner, it is my duty to ask you whether you have in any way induced her to make the confession she has now made?

Mr Wagner: No, I have not in any way induced her; it is entirely her own voluntary act, to the best of my belief. It was as far as I can recollect, about a fortnight ago that it first came to my knowledge. It was entirely her own proposition that she should be taken before a magistrate. She herself proposed to come to London for the purpose. It was her own proposition to leave the house and come to London for the purpose of giving herself up. I could not remember the words, but the substance was the same as appears in that paper, that she wished to give herself up for that crime. I cannot remember the words, but that was the substance.

Sir Thomas Henry (reading the paper): "That I Constance Emilie Kent, alone and unaided, on the night of the 29th of June, 1850, murdered at Road-hill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent;" was that the substance?

Mr. Wagner: It was.

Sir Thomas Henry asked Inspector Williamson if the house was in Wilts or Somersetshire.

Inspector Williamson said the house was in Wilts.

Sir. T. Henry: It is marked in Somerset.

Inspector Williamson: The village is in Somerset on the border, but the house where the murder was committed is in Wilts.

Sir T. Henry: Then it would go to Salisbury which would be the more convenient for you, Mr. Wagner.

Mr. Wagner: When I speak of confession I should wish to be understood as referring to public confession.

Sir T. Henry: I will not go into that point here. It may be gone into at the trial, perhaps very fully. (To the prisoner): I hope you understand that whatever you say must entirely be your own free and voluntary statement, and that no inducement that may have been held out to you is to have any effect on your mind.

Miss Kent: No inducement ever has.

Sir T. Henry: I was anxious that you should most seriously consider that.

Mr. Wagner: I wish to mention that many are in the habit of coming to confess to me as a religious exercise, but I never hold out any inducement.

Sir T. Henry: Yes; I think you ought to mention that. Did you in the first instance induce her to make the confession?

Mr. Wagner: No. I did not seek her out or in any way ask her to come to confession. She herself wished to do it.

Sir T. Henry: If you think that in this confession which she is now making she has been induced in consequence of anything she has said to you.

Mr. Wagner: I never even recommended it. I have been simply passive. I felt that she was doing right, and, therefore, I did not dissuade her.

Sir T. Henry: That must be added.

Mr. Wagner: She thought of it herself, without my suggesting it to her.

Mr. Carnaby (the chief clerk) added this statement to the rev. gentleman's deposition.

Sir T. Henry, then, addressing Miss Kent, said: This is the paper you wish to hand in as your statement; is it (holding up the paper already referred to)?

Miss Kent: Yes, sir.

Sir T. Henry: Now, understand it is not too late, even now. I wish to tell you again that this is a very serious charge, and that anything you write or say may be used against you. You are not obliged to make any statement, unless you wish.

Mr. Burnaby (the chief clerk): Is this your handwriting? (holding up the paper.)

Miss Kent: It is.

Sir T. Henry (to Mr. Wagner): Do you know her handwriting?

Mr. Wagner: I never saw her write, so I cannot tell; though of course, I have no doubt it is.

Mr. Burnaby then read the confession which was as follows:

"I, Constance Emilie Kent, alone and unaided, on the night of the 29th of June, 1860, murdered at Roadhill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent. Before the deed no one knew of my intention nor after it of my guilt. No one assisted me in the crime, nor in the evasion of discovery."

Sir T. Henry: Do you wish to add anything to that statement?

Miss Kent: No, sir.

Sir T. Henry: The offence being committed in Wiltshire, the trial must be in that county. It will therefore, be necessary to send her to be examined before the magistrates there. Inspector Williamson you were there at the time of the former inquiry; you know what took place, and who were the magistrates.

Inspector Williamson: Yes, Sir Thomas, I do.

Sir T. Henry: Then I will send the warrant and the deposition of Mr. Wagner, with the voluntary statement of the prisoner, and the magistrates will exercise their discretion as to what further evidence they will go into. Where do the magistrates reside?

Inspector Williamson: One gentleman resides at Trowbridge. I shall take the prisoner there, for though there is a petty sessions at Road, it only sits once a week.

The warrant was then made out, and Miss Kent was removed in custody of Inspector Williamson.

Miss Green, the superior of the St. Mary's Home, who had accompanied Miss Kent from Brighton to London, was in attendance throughout the examination.

When Superintendent Durkin handed the two ladies into the cab, and the Rev. Mr. Wagner and Inspector Williamson also entered the vehicle, a knot of four or five idle boys stopped to stare at the peculiar dress of the lady superior.

EXAMINATION OF MISS CONSTANCE KENT AT TROWBRIDGE.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Constance Emilie Kent was brought up before the magistrates, at Trowbridge, sitting in petty sessions. The business was delayed for some time in consequence of the absence of the Rev. Arthur Douglas Wagnor, of Brighton, and upon his arrival the prisoner was brought into court. She was accompanied by Miss Green, the lady superior of the "Home," or "Hospital," of St. Mary, and in charge of Inspector Williamson and Sergeant Thomas, of the metropolitan detective police force. Miss Kent was dressed in deep mourning, a thick veil being over her face, but she looked very much flushed on entering the justice room, which was increased upon her taking her place at the bar, where every person in a densely crowded court had an opportunity of gazing at her. Several ladies were accommodated with seats on the bench, and during the progress of the inquiry they watched with eager anxiety every particle of the small amount of evidence which was adduced. Miss Kent is of short and stout form, and appeared to possess none of that delicacy of figure or appearance which has been attributed to her. Indeed, it was remarked by many who had attended the examinations in 1860 that she had become much stouter and healthier looking since that period. Miss Green was dressed like the ladies who belong to similar sisterhoods to that of which she is the head. She sat on the right of the prisoner, and maintained an attitude of rigid repose, looking neither to the right nor to the left, though apparently regardful enough of the young creature at her side. They left by the 8.10 train, and proceeded directly to Chippenham, where they arrived shortly before midnight. From Chippenham the Inspector took his charge to Trowbridge in a fly, which was procured with difficulty at that late hour, and after much delay, through the driver not knowing the road, Trowbridge was reached about two o'clock in the morning, after having traversed about 10 miles of country. Throughout the accused maintained the strictest silence, and only replied but briefly on two occasions to Inspector Williamson, who made some inquiries of her about the distance. It may be stated that Inspector Williamson and Sergeant Thomas took charge of Miss Kent after the examination at Bow-street, and conveyed her to Paddington Station. Miss Green, the lady superior of St. Mary's Hospital, at Brighton, was with them, and on Miss Kent being taken to the police station at Trowbridge Miss Green applied to be allowed to remain with her during the night. This was refused, and Miss Kent was committed to the care of Mrs. Harris, the wife of the Inspector on duty, who behaved with the greatest possible kindness to her.

On the prisoner being placed at the bar, the Chairman, addressing her, said:

You are brought on a warrant from Bow street where you appeared yesterday, and the evidence then taken will be read to you.

The warrant on which she appeared was, however, in the first instance formally produced. Mr. H. Clarke, the clerk to the magistrates, then read to the Rev. A. D. Wagner, the following statement:

"I am perpetual curate to the St. Paul's Church, Brighton. I have known Constance Kent about 21 months. She was introduced to me for the purpose of being admitted into St. Mary's Hospital at Brighton, which is connected with St. Paul's Church, and she came there about that time and has resided there ever since. I have not in any way induced her to make any confession to me, and to the best of my belief the confession she has made has been entirely by her own free will. About a fortnight ago it first came to my knowledge, and it was entirely her own proposition that she wished to confess and give herself up, and it was her own proposition to come to London for that purpose. She stated to me, or in words to this effect, that she had alone and unaided, on the night of the 29th June, 1860, murdered at Road-hill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent. I have never said anything to Constance Kent to persuade her to confess, nor have I said anything to dissuade her from doing so, but I have been particularly passive in the matter, feeling that she was doing the right thing. It is entirely her own free act. She thought of it herself without my suggesting it to her.

(Signed,) "A. D. Wagner."

The chairman (to Mr. Wagner): Is that true?

Mr. Wagner: Yes.

During the time he was deposing to this fact the prisoner did not look towards him, but remained a mere passive spectator.

The Clerk: If you have any question to ask this witness you are at liberty to do so.

Miss Kent (in a very low tone of voice, without raising her head): No, sir, I have not.

The reverend witness then took his seat on the bench, and appeared to be greatly concerned at the part he was called upon to discharge.

Inspector Williamson was next called, and he briefly deposed that on Tuesday afternoon he went to Bow-street Police Court, and found the prisoner under examination there. A paper (produced by witness) was put in by the prisoner, and she was asked by Sir Thomas Henry whether it was in her handwriting, and she said it was. The paper contained the following confession:—"I, Constance Emilie Kent, alone and unaided, on the night of the 29th of June, 1860, murdered, at Road Hill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent. Before the deed no one knew of my intention, nor after it of my guilt. No one assisted me in the crime, nor in my evasion of discovery."

This confession was written in a very beautiful style of handwriting, on a piece of ordinary colored note paper. It was not signed. While the inspector was reading it the fortitude of the prisoner gave way. She burst into a flood of tears, and, in a half-fainting state, sat down and leaned against the superior, in whom she seemed to place a great deal of confidence. That lady attempted to sooth her, but the prisoner continued to cry bitterly, and this was the first manifestation of feeling she had made. One of the ladies on the bench handed down a vinaigrette, and a glass of water was also offered her, but she appeared to be too much agitated to accept of either. The Chairman directed that the prisoner should retain her seat, which she did during the remaining portion of the examination.

Inspector Williamson said that the prisoner was given into his custody, and he brought her down last night.

The Chairman directed the inspector to keep the paper containing the confession.

The Clerk of the court then read the deposition of the inspector to the prisoner, and she endeavored to suppress her emotion and listen; but in answer to the question whether she had anything to say, she merely indicated by an inclination of her head that she had not.

There being no other evidence, the Chairman said: Constance Kent, have you any reasons to give why you should not be remanded to hear the evidence against you?

The prisoner did not reply.

The Clerk of the court repeated the question.

The prisoner (quietly): No.

The Chairman: You will stand remanded till Thursday week. During the interval you will be taken to the prison at Devizes, where you will be kept.

The prisoner and Miss Green then left the dock, and within a few minutes afterwards Inspector Williamson and Sergeant Thomas took Miss Kent in a private conveyance to Devizes, which is distant some ten miles. There was renewed excitement on the part of the inhabitants to catch a glimpse of the prisoner as she was being driven rapidly through the streets.

All who remember the events following the murder of Francis Saville Kent will be prepared to imagine that to the police, at all events, this disclosure is no matter of surprise. It was, we believe, pretty well understood that the officers who were so strongly censured for charging Miss Kent before the magistrates were by no means willing to admit that they had failed in sagacity, although they were unable to adduce in evidence the circumstances on which their suspicions were founded. In the course of the following year some hint transpired of an alleged confession by Miss Kent to a relation, but for some reason the suggestion of a fresh investigation at that period was not one which it was thought advisable to carry out. Soon afterwards it was rumored that Miss Kent had been sent to a convent in France.

It is alleged that before making her confession Miss Kent had written a letter to her father, announcing the decision which she had arrived at, with a view, it is supposed, of saving him the sudden shock of learning it first from the newspaper reports. The father, with the other members of his family, is residing, we believe, in Wales.

It will be remembered that the murder of the little boy, Francis Saville Kent, which excited at the time so profound a sensation, was the son of Mr. F. S. Kent, a gentleman who held the appointment of inspector of factories, and who resided at Road, a little village in the neighborhood of Frome Selwood. Mr. Kent had been twice married. His family by the first wife consisted of three daughters and a son, the two elder daughters being grown-up young women, and the third—Constance—a girl of 16; the son William was about 15. By the second wife he had three children; a daughter five years old; a son—Francis Saville Kent—nearly four years old, and another daughter still younger. On the night of the 29th of June, 1860, the inmates of the house were Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the seven children we have mentioned, and three servants—a cook, a housemaid, and Elizabeth Gough, the nurse. During that night the child Francis was taken out of his cot, strangled, stabbed, his throat was cut, and his body, wrapped in a blanket which had been drawn out from over him, was thrown down a privy belonging to the house. From that time it has been a profound mystery who committed the deed. It was impossible to believe but that the murder was committed by some one in the house. Evidence was, indeed, given respecting the opening of a drawing room window, but what possible inducement could there be for a stranger to penetrate into a dwelling-house merely for the sake of destroying an unoffending infant? Of these twelve persons, then, who were in the house, which was the murderer? The disposition of the bedrooms was as follows: on the first floor slept Mr. and Mrs. Kent, with the eldest of the infant children; in an adjoining room, the nurse Elizabeth Gough, with Francis and the other child, Francis being in a cot by himself: on the second floor, the two grown-up daughters slept together, Constance in a room by herself, William in a room by himself, and the cook and housemaid together in another room. Early in the morning the nurse, according to her own statement, missed the child, but thought that his mother might have come in and taken him away to her own room, especially as he had been unwell and had taken some medicine the night before. About half-past seven o'clock she knocked at her mistress's door and inquired about the child, and when it appeared that he was not there the alarm was given and search was made. As the child was not to be found in the house or the shrubbery, Mr. Kent drove over to Trowbridge to give notice to the police, ordering the servants to continue their search. While he was gone some people from the village came in to help in the search, and the end of it was that the child's body, with its nightgown on and wrapped in a blanket, was found in the soil of the privy. There were, according to the subsequent evidence, marks of strangulation, there was a stab in the side, a wound in the breast, and the throat was cut from ear to ear. The suspicion that the murder had been committed by persons unconnected with Mr. Kent's family was strengthened by the fact that none of the knives in use in the household were missing, and that on their being examined microscopically by a surgeon, no trace of blood on any of them could be discovered. Two pieces of paper, however, were found stained with blood, which had been thrust down the closet, and which proved to be portions of a newspaper which was regularly supplied to the family. While so many doubts still hung over the matter, Inspector Whicher, of the Metropolitan detective force, was sent down to make inquiries. He ascertained that Mr. Kent's wife, the mother of the unfortunate deceased child, lived in the family as governess for 13 years during the lifetime of the first Mrs. Kent, and had the entire charge of the children, the then Mrs. Kent, the mother of Constance Kent, having for several years previous to her death been afflicted in her mind, and incapable of attending to the discharge of her household duties. Mr. Kent was married to the second wife who is a lady very respectably connected, 16 months after the death of his first wife.

It was also ascertained that the grandmother of Constance Kent was decidedly of unsound mind, and that an uncle had been twice confined in a lunatic asylum. Miss Kent, it further appeared, on one occasion, about four years previously, absconded from home, dressed in boys clothes, with a younger brother of her own. Miss Constance Kent was on Friday, July 27, 1860, placed before the Wiltshire magistrates on the charge of murdering her half brother, but the facts were so scanty as to fail in satisfying the bench of magistrates, who came to the conclusion that the young lady must be discharged, and that was the course adopted, the father being bound over in his personal recognizances to the amount of two hundred pounds for her appearance if again called upon to answer the charge which had been preferred against her. She was but sixteen at the time, but she was described as violent, excitable, and living on uncomfortable terms with her stepmother; as having been jealous of the favor shown to this young child; and as having when at school displayed much cunning in extricating herself from scrapes and difficulties. The result arrived at by the magistrates showed the feeling of the neighborhood towards the young lady whom they believed innocent, and her discharge was received with applause from the crowded court, it being generally felt that the commission of the crime was attributable to some one else. The matter went on, the mystery being increased if possible until about the 10th of August, when a man having the appearance of a laborer surrendered himself at the Wolverton Railway Station as the murderer of the unhappy boy. He was taken before the Buckinghamshire magistrates and remitted by them to the scene of the crime. On being brought before the bench in that district he stated that he had committed the murder at the request of Mr. Kent, who had promised him money but never paid him. It was clearly shown that the self-accused was insane, and he was ultimately discharged. In the early part of the following month an inquiry was instituted, to which the police lent their countenance, and the gardener and groom, and some of the other servants, accompanied by Emily Doll, who was in the house on the morning of the murder, but who had not then been examined, and Bangor, one of the men who found the body of the child, proceeded to Bath, where they were examined before Mr. Slack, a local solicitor, the inquiry having been, as it turned out, authorized, or rather permitted by the Home Secretary. This investigation however, was brought to a stand-still by Mr. Kent refusing to allow his family to be examined, and some correspondence ensued upon the matter, which resulted in the application by Mr. Kent for a special commission, which was refused, and Mr. Kent's solicitor ignored Mr. Slack's authority for the examination, observing that Mr. Slack might be acting under the instructions of the detective officer, whose former proceedings in this case have been condemned by the almost unanimous vote of the country." Mr. Kent, subsequently however permitted the examination, and several members of the family were examined, including Mr. and Mrs. Kent, the examination being conducted in private, and Mrs. Kent being under interrogation for five hours. A few days afterwards Mr. Slack communicated the result of his inquiries to the magistrates, and consequently thereon, Elizabeth Gough the nurserymaid, who had previously been in custody, was apprehended at her father's house at Isleworth and conveyed to Devizes. At the examination before the magistrates the theory of the prosecution seems to have been that the child was stabbed after death, in order to conceal the fact that it had been previously smothered in the bed-clothes, and that the accused person, the nursemaid, Elisabeth Gough, must have been at least an accessory. Several examinations ensued, and the girl was ultimately discharged, the magistrates stating that her antecedents were very satisfactory. Early in November Mr. Saunders, one of the local magistrates, re-opened an inquiry, acting, as he stated, with the knowledge of the Home Secretary, and he elicited several facts which had not been previously inquired into, but no definite result was arrived at. Matters remained in this condition until Hilary Term, 1861, when the parties who had interested themselves applied to the Court of Queen's Bench to quash the original inquisition, on the ground that the coroner had directed the jury that it was not their province to ascertain who killed the child, and that he neglected to make certain inquiries suggested by the jury. There was also another objection, which was merely formal: but the result of the deliberations of the judges was to refuse to interfere. Subsequently Mr. Kent resigned his office of inspector of factories, and the girl Elizabeth Gough, has by common report emigrated to Australia, and there married a wealthy sheep farmer.

Miss Constance Kent some two years ago joined a society of religious females at Brighton, and has made a voluntary statement to Mr. Arthur Wagner, the well-known clergyman of that place. Mr. Wagner declares that he used no such influence as the receivers of auricular confessions are sometimes accused of exercising on their devotees. The manner of the deed we have yet to learn, but it is not too soon to express thankfulness that the dreadful story is now likely to be truly told, and the weight of a horrible suspicion taken off the guiltless members of the Kent family.

The Threadneedle street Burglary—More of the Jewelry Recovered.

A woman about 30 years of age who gave the name of Emma Hargoth, and carried a young child in her arms, was charged under these circumstances:—On the night of the 10th inst., Edward Coathupe and William Miller, detectives, met the prisoner in the Old street-road, carrying before her something covered with paper, and she being well known to them, they followed her into 13, Catherine street, Vinegar ground, where she was required to show the contents of her parcel. This she did, at the same time remarking "It's only a hat belonging to Charley," and a hat it really was, but which when taken from her gave an appearance of bulk to her sides not previously observable. On removing her cloak or shawl a wooden box was seen to be held up by one arm, while slung round the shoulder of the other was a leathern bag, afterwards found to contain five purses of expensive manufacture, and a jewel casket holding some broken up jewelry. The box was secured with a patent lock, and when forced numerous pledge tickets fell about, most of which related to valuables, although the prisoner had asserted that they were of trifling worth, and given to her by a boy. Upon the charge of having these things in her possession feloniously, the prisoner was twice remanded at this court, and now an owner for the valuables came forward in the person of Mr. Johnson, jeweller, 34, Threadneedle street, whose premises were burglariously entered and robbed of property amounting to £4,000, on the 4th of July, 1864.

Abraham Swindon, manager to Mr. Roberts, a pawnbroker in Old street, produced the articles answering the tickets found as described, namely:—pearl, turquoise, topaz, and gold lockets, brooches and necklaces, all of which the prosecutor swore to as having formed a portion of the stolen stock. On some the private mark was more or less obliterated, on others it was entire, and Mr. Swindon recognized the prisoner as having pledged the greater number, under the name of Ann Webb, on dates extending from September to December, previous to the first of which, however, he had known her as a regular customer at the shop.

A second charge was heard against the prisoner, that of having pledged also at the shop of Mr. Roberts, a gold watch, stolen from the person of Waldemar Kreizschmer, jeweller, 9, Duke street, Bloomsbury, a robbery effected with violence by two men, on the 30th of June last, as the prosecutor was leaving the gardens at Cremorne. The actual thief was caught, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the magistrate of the Westminster Police Court; but the watch could not be found until as described.

A remand was granted, the officers stating that upwards of 60 duplicates yet remained to be inquired into, and there is ground for believing that this woman has been cohabiting with a man lately transported for seven years for omnibus robbery, and who was a friend of the notorious Scotty.

Horrible Discovery by a Young Wife.

The following paragraph is running the round of the German press:—A cattle dealer of Prussian Silesia was murdered and robbed some twelve years since, and no trace of the murderer could be found. A year later the murdered man's daughter married a master butcher, with whom she has lived ever since. A few days back, while preparing to remove to another house, the woman found, among her husband's effects, a small purse embroidered with silver, which she herself had made for her father, and which had disappeared after the murder. A horrible suspicion took possession of her mind, and having taxed her husband with the crime, he made a full confession, and has consequently been arrested and committed for trial.

Shocking Barbarities in Tunis.

The *Levant Herald* prints a letter from Tunis, containing the following sickening details:—In my last I briefly mentioned the barbarous flogging, or rather "sticking," of the Arab prisoners sent in a couple of days before from the camps. In the hurry of catching the steamer I had barely time to report the punishment, and to say that it had produced a very bad general effect. It had begun the day before the arrival of Prince Arthur, and, in compliment to him the barbarous operation was suspended during his brief stay, to be resumed, as soon as the Enchantress left, with greater vigor and cruelty than ever. One of the victims was Sheikh Hadji Moubarik, a man of great influence amongst the Arabs, and who more than any one else contributed to the cessation of the late revolt. This unhappy man, though 67 years of age, was ordered by the Bey to receive 2,000 blows, and these every one was inflicted. I witnessed the first part of this punishment, but was unable to sit it out, the cruelty was so revolting. The wretched prisoner was thrown on his face on a piece of matting, with his feet tied together and his head and shoulders held down by a soldier. The blows were laid on across the hips and small of the back with a thick aspen stick, as heavily as a strong man could deliver them, and as one tired another took his place, whilst a third counted the blows, and shouted "strike harder, strike harder!" When a victim had received 300 blows, he called out imploring them to kill him right off; but the only result was that the stick was wielded with more brutal vigor than before. The whole 2,000 blows were inflicted, and at the conclusion the victim was taken up—dead. Seven other shiekhs received each 100 blows; of these also two died under the infliction, and the other five within half an hour afterwards. Of those who received 500 blows I am told five died after being thrown into prison. Nearly the whole of these victims were old men, many of them above seventy years of age. I hear it reckoned that no fewer than 132,600 blows have been given to this one batch of prisoners, and at the camps I am assured punishment of similar barbarity is dealt out daily. For the honor of humanity, it is to be regretted that none of the consuls have interfered to prevent this barbarous cruelty. Here was a matter in which all might have joined in a remonstrance which the Bey would not have dared to disregard, and yet thus far not one of the whole body has uttered a word of protest against brutality which one might suppose to be impossible within the range of English or French influence in the 19th century. Amongst the Arabs themselves, it is said that the act has decided them to emigrate wholesale to Algeria, where the French offer them free settlements and many other tempting advantages. Under French authority they will at least be secure against cruelty which makes the blood curdle, and which is a disgrace to even this semi barbarous despotism of Tunis.

Wholesale Trade in Circassian Girls.

The *Courrier d'Orient* announces that the police of Constantinople have arrested several traders who had got possession of nearly eighty young girls belonging to the emigrants from Circassia, whom they intended to sell as slaves. The following are some details of that incident:—"Although nominally forbidden by the Porte the trade in Circassian slaves of both sexes is still briskly carried on. An instance, however, of the loyal desire of the Government to put down this nefarious traffic has just occurred, in which Osman Pasha, president of the Emigration Commission, acted with an energy and good faith worthy of public acknowledgement. On the day in question, information reached his Excellency that a batch of seventy-seven Circassian girls and young women, of a choice class, were being shipped by direct steamer for Alexandria. He at once sent on board, and ordered the whole to be landed, and, together with the dealer in charge, brought before the commission. This being done, it was discovered that the consignment was merely one of a regular and extensive trade which is being vigorously and profitably carried on between the capital and Egypt. As an immediate result no fewer than thirteen other dealers, 'in a very large way of business,' were denounced and arrested. The dealer in charge of the liberated seventy-seven was found to be provided with a passport, or permit, for the whole lot, duly signed by the Ihtisab, and in all other respects perfectly *en regle*. The liberated girls have been sent to the Circassian refuge at Kilitchhane, where, pending the discovery of their parents, they will be taken care of by the commission."

Domestic Criminal News.

Arrest of an Alleged Notorious Murderer.

John Eagan, chief of the detective police force of St. Louis, Mo., made an arrest a short time since, in front of the old Mercantile Exchange, on Locust street, between Fourth and Fifth, of a man, who for two months past had lived in that city under the name of Wallace B. Poole, but who is supposed to be, beyond all question, Daniel W. Poore, of Kentucky, the murderer of Ellen Poore, an estimable young lady who resided on her father's farm near Clarksville, Kentucky, and who was distantly related to her murderer. From the fact that something like historic interest attaches to the circumstances of the murder, and that a reward of $2,500 had been offered for the arrest of the murderer, as well as from the fact that unusually active efforts had been made without success by the detective police all over this country, as well as in Canada, to bring a noted desperado and felon to justice, the arrest may be regarded as one of more than ordinary interest and importance. The murder with which Poore is charged was committed on the 16th day of November last. The victim of the murder, Ellen Poore, a young lady not of age, who is described as having been possessed of considerable beauty, and gifted with many attractive qualities of mind and character, was engaged to a Mr. Russel, said to be a wealthy man and a worthy citizen of Kentucky. Daniel W. Poore had formerly been paying her his attentions, but, at her own request, as well as that of her parents, he had discontinued his visits, at the same time declaring, as it is stated, that she should not live to marry another. Her wedding day had been set for the 20th of November, and on the evening of the 16th, while she was sitting in the parlor of her father's house, engaged in some needle work, a musket shot was fired through the window, and she fell dead on the floor. Her relative and former suitor had been seen during the evening lurking in the neighborhood with a musket in his hand. When the intelligence of the murder spread among the neighbors, they turned out together and the efforts of all were united to bring the perpetrator to justice, but he had already fled. A large reward was offered by the girl's father, and an additional reward was offered by the civil authorities. Handbills descriptive of Daniel W. Poore, with the offer of $1,600 for his apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of the county where the murder was committed, were circulated through all the cities of the Union and of Canada. But, after months had elapsed no trace of his whereabouts had been found.

Police officer D. T. Bligh, of Louisville, having at length received intelligence from a citizen of Kentucky, who had been stopping in St. Louis, such as to satisfy him that Wallace P. Poole, who had been seen in St. Louis was the identical Daniel W. Poore of Kentucky, he at once repaired to the residence of Mr. Eagan, and the two officers at two o'clock in the morning laid their plans, from facts already in their possession, to make the arrest. His accustomed haunts and favorite places of resort were known, and by the assistance of an accurate portrait little danger was apprehended of capturing the wrong man. Mr. Eagan, standing in front of the Mercantile Exchange laid his hand, with a quiet but firm grasp, upon the shoulder of a tall man in black whose dark eyebrows and dark countenance were shaded by a hat that seemed to be worn to conceal the face, and with a voice as earnest as the grasp said, "I arrest you, sir; you are my prisoner." He at once relieved the prisoner of a large revolver which was worn on his side under his overcoat and conducted him to the calaboose. Mr. Eagan and Mr. Bligh are both positive that there can be no question as to the identity of their prisoner. Mr. Bligh started with him for Louisville, by the Ohio and Mississippi train, Mr. Brownfield accompanying them to the other side of the river, and chaining the ankle of the prisoner to that of the custodian to render his escape impossible. Mr. Bligh informs us that the public feeling against Poore is so violent among the old neighbors of the murdered girl in Kentucky that he will hardly be allowed the privilege of a formal trial.—*St. Louis paper.*

Execution of J. J Straney, the Guorilla.

J. J. Straney was executed in the yard of the Military Prison, on Broadway, Louisville, on the 28th ult., at four o'clock, having been tried by the military commission convened in that city, on the charge of being a guerilla, and found guilty. The execution was to have taken place on Wednesday, the 19th ult., but was postponed in consequence, we believe, of the death of the President and the universal grief caused by that event.

There were but few persons allowed inside the prison yard to witness the spectacle. A number of persons male and female, were to be seen in the windows and upon the tops of houses in the immediate vicinity of the prison, that commanded a view of the gallows. The gallows were erected in the center of the prison yard, and as the time for the execution to take place drew nigh, were surrounded by a portion of the 30th Wisconsin infantry. At about a quarter to three o'clock the condemned man was conducted from his prison to the scaffold under guard, and accompanied by Father Brady, of the Catholic church. He walked unsupported and as firmly as probably he ever did, without showing any sign of weakness of any sort. He was below medium height, but well built, about twenty-one or two years of age, with a full round face and brown hair. His countenance did not indicate more than average intelligence. He had on a frock coat and grey pants, considerably worn, and an old slouch hat of a light color. He exhibited a degree of firmness but seldom displayed by one under similar circumstances.

Arriving at the foot of the scaffold, the guard halted, and the prisoners arms were securely tied behind his back with a rope. He then ascended the gallows, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Brady, Captain Swope, Provost Marshal, who was charged with the duty of carrying out the order for the execution, and Captain Carter Assistant-Provost Marshal. The prisoner maintained his firmness, and mounted the steps with steady footsteps. One not watching the prisoner closely would have thought he was utterly indifferent about his fate, but the occasional upheaving of his bosom showed that all was not calm within. He sat down while Captain Swope read to him the proceedings of the Military Commission before which he was tried; and then with Father Brady knelt in prayer. Rising upon his feet again he stepped upon the trap, without any perceptible sign of a want of firmness. His legs were securely tied with a rope, and he was then asked if he had anything to say, to which he replied, "nothing." The rope was adjusted around his neck, and the white cap drawn down over his head; and at a given signal the trap-door fell. Straney died without much struggle, the fall evidently breaking his neck.

Father Brady his spiritual adviser, has visited him frequently in his prison since his sentence has been made known to him, and he has shown the same firmness in his bearing that he displayed on the scaffold. He admitted that he belonged to a guerilla band, but denied being guilty of any crime for which he should be made to suffer death. His mother lives at Mount Washington, Bullitt county, to whom he requested his remains should be sent.

The Penfield Fire—Arrest of a Female Incendiary!

We have further particulars of the Penfield incendiary fire which we noticed in this paper last Wednesday. The property lost by Mr. Howe was rather undervalued, his loss being above two thousand dollars. On Wednesday it was thought that some person or persons wished only to destroy the two stallions. This was the current opinion while the barn was burning, but after daylight search was made for tracks, which were seen very plainly in the sandy soil after the rain in the forepart of the evening. Mr. Howe and others soon found a woman's track coming to and going from his barn in his back lot, and on following said track they were led from the barn, across two or three lots to the back door of a Mrs. Gardiner, alias Mrs. Larwood, a woman of very suspicious character, who was strongly suspected of burning the barn containing Mr. Vedder's express horses some two years ago, and doing much other damage in Penfield. Mr. Howe, on reaching her house made a demand for her shoes, which were obtained. These shoes were compared with the tracks in various places from her house to the barn of Mr. Howe, and they were found to compare exactly. The shoes were of a particular shape, and impressions made with them by the side of other tracks, and it was allowed by all who saw them that the same shoe made both impressions. Upon this suspicion Mrs. Larwood was arrested and had an examination before Justices Higbie and Osborn, who, after an examination which lasted from Wednesday noon to Thursday night, held her for trial.

Popular opinion would hang this woman, but it is right and just that she should have a fair trial. She has been the terror to all people in Penfield for a long time, and no person wished to offend her for fear of the consequences. The Justices' decision gave universal satisfaction to all who heard the evidence, and a great many who did not hear it.

This woman is best known by the name of Gardiner, the name of her first husband; her last husband's name is Larwood, both of whom are alive, but neither live with her. As there is a reason for everything, we will give the reason why this woman is a terror to the inhabitants of Penfield village. In nearly every, if not every case where incendiary fires have been set, gardens destroyed, etc., it is known that this woman has had some trouble with the owners; many small robberies have been committed which have been charged to her, and some burglaries, but up to the present time no evidence could be brought against her, and those who met with small losses preferred to be silent than to run their chances on a larger one. We understand that much evidence will be brought against her on trial that could not be allowed on the examination. It will be proved that she has threatened to "make certain ones smoke." It will also be proved that she has been seen in men's apparel at a late hour of the night. If this woman is not guilty she is very much belied and sinned against.—*Rochester Republican.*

Singular and Romantic Story.

About four months ago a young girl, alleging her name to be Somerville or Somervealle, called upon Mrs. D., then residing in New York, mistaking the house for a boarding-house. In the course of conversation she stated that she was almost destitute, and that a short time previously she had left her home in England accompanied by a foster brother and a female servant, both of whom had deserted her. She believed her father to be in New York at the time in search of her. Upon this Mrs D., who is in affluent circumstances, and an exceedingly kind-hearted lady, permitted the young girl to remain in her house, and in the meantime communicated with the police authorities in New York with the view of finding her parents or restoring her to her friends. Every inquiry, however, proved fruitless, and the young lady continued her sojourn at Mrs. D.'s. A short time afterwards the following advertisement appeared in the *New York Herald*, which, it was considered, would elucidate what had now become a mystery and a source of grave alarm to the persons cognisant of the story:

"Personal—£200 reward to the person that will give information of Miss Nelitha Somervealle, daughter of E. D. Somervealle, Oakhill, Barnet, London. The young lady is not of age. She left with two of her father's servants. If my daughter will appear all shall be forgiven, and you shall return in care of your kind friends Miss Gotrey, Lady E. Wild, Montague Wild, Earl of Stamford and Warrington. We shall receive you at the residence of Mr. D. Steoll, Spring Valley, Rock County, N. York."

Mrs. D., at once proceeded to the address indicated in the advertisement, and was then informed that the person who had caused the advertisement to which she referred to appear in the *New York Herald*, had resided there, but had a short time previously left for England. Mrs. D., being about herself to proceed to England by the advice of the New York authorities, and the entreaties of the young lady, consented to permit her to accompany her to London, Mrs. D., incurring the whole of the expenses. Upon their arrival in London both ladies at once visited the house, given as the address of the father, at Oakhill, Barnet, but no person by the name of Somervealle resided there, nor is known to have resided there latterly. The young lady, who appeared to be suffering from some mental malady, was taken ill; and, being of delicate health, she rapidly sank down, and a few days ago expired in the presence of her only friend and benefactor, Mrs. D., who, on her arrival in England, took lodgings at the Great Northern Hotel. Since their arrival in England Mrs. D., has made every inquiry respecting her charge, but could gain no tidings of the whereabouts of her friend, or in any way unravel the mystery.

Fiendish Outrage.

A man named Isaac Wyckoff, a resident of this county, was lodged in jail on Friday last, on the charge of attempted rape on the person of a little girl only eight years old, a daughter of Mr. P. Goodfellow, of Lambertville. The facts of the case, as we learn them, are as follows: Wycoff is a fish huckster, and on Thursday last had gone to Lambertville to procure a load of shad. On his way home he overtook three small girls, among whom was the one above spoken of. By a little persuasion he got the girls to get into his wagon, and after driving some distance he ordered two of them to alight and go back home. By making the other one believe that he was her uncle and that he was going to take her to her mother's house and there take dinner, she was kept in the wagon. When two or three miles from Lambertville, Wyckoff stopped and tied his horse to the fence, and taking the girl with him started across the fields, she supposing in the direction of her home. At this juncture a couple of gentlemen came riding along the road, and seeing a horse tied to the fence, a considerable distance from any dwelling, concluded that all was not right and stopped to ascertain the cause. They had not waited but a few moments when they were startled by the cry of a child as if in distress. Rapidly proceeding in the direction from which the cry came, they discovered this wretch Wyckoff, endeavoring to accomplish his fiendish purpose. Although caught in the act, he at first stoutly denied the charge, but finally admitted the truth, and pleaded in extenuation of the crime, a temporary fit of insanity. The two gentlemen conveyed him to the "jug" at Lambertville, and on the following day was brought to the substantial and commodious stone dwelling situate in Main street, Flemington, and placed under the care of the landlord, William Rankle Esq., Wyckoff is about forty years of age, and has a wife and several children living in Pennsylvania.—*Hunterdon Pa. Democrat.*

Horrible Case of Wife-whipping.

An Oswego paper, of April 25th, gives an account of an affair which, for fiendish brutality, is hard to be surpassed. "A man named Thomas Ormand, who lives with his wife, two children, and an invalid sister, upon Oak Hill, went home intoxicated on Sunday night, about ten o'clock. He entered the room where his wife was in bed, commenced beating her, and then turned her out of doors, fastening down the windows. The poor woman was undressed, and the cold rain which was falling drove her to take shelter in the cellar. Her fiendish husband, bearing her below stairs, rushed madly down, caught her by the hair of her head, and beat and pounded her face and body out of all human semblance. Nearly all of her hair was pulled out by the wretch incarnate, and her head had the appearance of being scalped in many places. She was too feeble from the wounds to stand before the bar this morning, and nearly swooned during the examination. She stated that she had been married to Ormand nine years, and that he had whipped her at intervals of a few days ever since their wedding. Sitting on the bed of the invalid sister, whom he had also grossly abused, he had threatened to kill his wife. She had scarcely been well from the blows inflicted upon her, for two years. She is the picture of utter misery and despair. The recorder told the brutal husband he should be turned among the wild beasts of the forest; that his eyes should be fixed open that the wretched spectacle of his abused wife might be continually before him; he should be made to run the gauntlet of a thousand wives, all with raw hides in their hands, and that they should chastise him as his insult and bestiality deserved. He was locked up, and will be punished according to his deserts."

Miscellaneous.

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